LONDON.

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Woburn Street New Drury Theatre Royal Dec 31. 1794.

# BEAUTIFUL EXTRACTS,

OF

# PROSAIC WRITERS.

CAREFULLY SELECTED

FOR THE

*YOUNG and RISING GENERATION.*

CONTAINING PIECES,

MORAL AND ENTERTAINING, CLASSICAL AND HISTORICAL, ORATIONS, CHARACTERS, NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, &c. &c.

VOL. I.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

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NEW-DRURY THEATRE-ROYAL.

1795.

BRITISH MUSEUM

# PREFACE.

THE *Beauties of the Britiſh Poets* having met the general approbation of the public, even beyond the moſt ſanguine expectation of the publiſhers, in compliance with the united wiſhes of many reſpectable correſpondents, ſeveral of whom are governors to ſeminaries; we now proceed to complete our plan on the ſame liberal ſcale, by preſenting our candid and numerous readers, a proper companion to our former work, being an ample *Selection of Beauties* from the moſt celebrated PROSAIC WRITERS in the Engliſh language.

ANXIOUSLY reſolved to eſcape the errors into which our predeceſſors have deviated, we will admit no production into this collection, but ſuch as appear replete with wiſdom and morality, and in point of elegance, ſentiment, and ſublimity, have been ſtamped with univerſal eſteem, and calculated to improve the mind, and entertain the imagination.

RELIGIOUS topics, when handled with reaſon and moderation, will occaſionally find room in our claſſical Miſcellany; but theſe, as well as polemical diſputations, muſt appear perfectly free from the gloom of the cloiſter, and of that ſophiſtry and rigidity that diſtinguiſh the ſchoolmen.

As nothing can truly be eſteemed *great*, that is not truly *good*, the works of unchaſte or impure authors will be diſregarded. Prophane wit, however ſpecious, obſcene humour, however refined, muſt not be preſented to the ſight of young people, for whom our collection is principally propoſed for improvement, and entertainment, for their profit and pleaſure.

THIS work, therefore, will naturally recommend itſelf to the patronage of parents and maſters, eſpecially to the governors of public ſchools, and polite places of education; in order to inſpire their children, domeſtics, and pupils, with ſublime ſentiments of virtue, and raiſe in their minds an ardent deſire to emulate thoſe great characters who have adorned their country by their labours in the extended field of ſcience, and humanized the race of man by their ſuperior underſtanding.

FROM this ſpacious field, abounding with ſalutary herbs, odoriferous flowers, and fruitful plants, it is our province to ſelect the moſt proper and pleaſant to the mental taſte, in order carefully to tranſplant them into a more confined compaſs. This will enable the youthful ſtudent at one view to behold their beauties, to receive their fragrance, and taſte their ſweet delights, without repairing for the preſent to the toilſome plain, or traverſing the capacious landſcape. However, as nature appears pleaſed with irregular order and unconfined beauty, — "moſt regular when moſt

moſt irregular they ſeem" — our ſelection ſhall prove promiſcuous. Evergreens, trees, flowers, herbs and every plant are ſcattered around the garden, and all are invited to explore this pleaſant paradiſe.

To drop the metaphor: — the works of our Engliſh authors, from the revival of letters in this kingdom to the preſent period, are too voluminous, and multifarious for the generality of readers, eſpecially the young people at ſchool, and people of genius in the ſeveral counties, who, by no means in their power can claim the poſſeſſion of many books. For them, and thouſands in the metropolis and large towns, this collection of wit, morality, ſentiment and ſublimity, will appear expreſsly calculated to every candid obſerver.

Nor confine we ourſelves, in this general collection, to the original writers of our own country; for, beſides the moſt approved tranſlations from the moderns of other kingdoms and ſtates, the ancient world will afford an ample fund of amuſement and inſtruction. *Greece* and *Rome* will preſent their orators. *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero* ſhall appear to the preſent generation of literary men, in order to be contraſted or compared with orators of our day.

Our Miſcellany will abound with novels, brief narratives, pleaſant tales moral dialogues, extracts from hiſtory, natural and political, eſſays on ſcience, morality, philoſophical ſpeculations, allegories, letters,

and the characters of great men and women, as drawn by the moſt maſterly hiſtorians and moraliſts.

LASTLY, in order to render this copious Selection the more ſtriking, it will abound with a great number of curious and emphatical engravings, of ſcenes and characters from the moſt entertaining parts of our Miſcellany. In a word, nothing ſhall be wanting on the part of the publiſhers to make this counterpart of the *Britiſh Poets* the moſt deſireable to the world, of any ſimilar publication hitherto offered to the public.

BEAU-

BRITISH
18MA64
MUSEUM

ROACH'S BEAUTIFUL EXTRACTS IN PROSE. N.° I.

THE MAIDEN TOWER
The first object he discovered, when he looked about, was his former Mistress walking in a Garden.
Vide page 34 Vol. I.

Published by J. Roach Woburn Street New Drury Theatre Royal. Dec.r 31. 1794.

## THE CHARACTER of MARTIN LUTHER

*Robertson.*

## THE STORY of LE FEVRE.

*Sterne.*

## THE STORY of the MAIDEN TOWER

## The Resignation of the Emperor Charles the Fifth

*Robertson.*

## THE STORY of LA ROCHE.

## MIRROR.

## THE CHARACTER of JULIUS CÆSAR.

*Middleton.*

Cruikshanks Del. Reading Sculp.

LONDON. Vide Page 42

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BRITISH MUSEUM

# BEAUTIFUL EXTRACTS, OF PROSAIC WRITERS.

## THE CHARACTER OF MARTIN LUTHER.

[ ROBERTSON. ]

WHILE appearances of danger daily increaſed, and the tempeſt which had been ſo long a-gathering was ready to break forth in all its violence againſt the proteſtant church, Luther was ſaved by a ſeaſonable death from feeling or beholding its deſtructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining ſtate of health, and during a rigorous ſeaſon, to his native city of Eiſleben, in order to compoſe, by his authority, a diſſention among the counts of Mansfield, he was ſeized with a violent inflammation in his ſtomach, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the ſixty-third year of his age. — As he was raiſed up by Providence to be the author of one of the greateſt and moſt intereſting revolutions recorded in hiſtory, there is not any perſon, perhaps, whoſe character has been drawn with ſuch oppoſite colours. In his own age, one party, ſtruck with

with horror and inflamed with rage, when they ſaw with what a daring hand he overturned every thing which they held to be ſacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a dæmon. The other, warmed with admiration and gratitude, which they thought he merited, as the reſtorer of light and liberty to the Chriſtian church, aſcribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which ſhould be paid only to thoſe who are guided by the immediate inſpiration of Heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undiſtinguiſhing cenſure, nor the exaggerated praiſe of his cotemporaries, which out to regulate the opinions of the preſent age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain it, abilities both natural and acquired to defend it, and unwearied induſtry to propagate it, are virtues which ſhine ſo conſpicuouſly in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies muſt allow him to have poſſeſſed them in an eminent degree. To theſe may be added, with equal juſtice, ſuch purity, and even auſterity of manners, as became one who aſſumed the character of a reformer; ſuch ſanctity of life as ſuited the doctrine which he delivered; and ſuch perfect diſintereſtedneſs, as affords no ſlight preſumption of his ſincerity. Superior to all ſelfiſh conſiderations, a ſtranger to the

elegancies

elegancies of life, and deſpiſing its pleaſures, he left the honours and emoluments of the church to his diſciples; remaining ſatisfied himſelf in his original ſtate of profeſſor in the univerſity, and paſtor to the town of Wittemberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to theſe offices. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconſiderable mixture of human frailty, and human paſſions. Theſe, however, were of ſuch a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but ſeem to have taken their riſe from the ſame ſource with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, rouſed by great objects, or agitated by violent paſſions, broke out, on many occaſions, with an impetuoſity which aſtoniſhes men of feebler ſpirits, or ſuch as are placed in a more tranquil ſituation. By carrying ſome praiſe-worthy diſpoſitions to exceſs, he bordered ſometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which expoſed him to cenſure. His confidence that his own opinions were well founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in aſſerting them, to raſhneſs; his firmneſs in adhering to them, to obſtinacy; and his zeal in confuting his adverſaries, to rage and ſcurrility. Accuſtomed himſelf to conſider every thing as ſubordinate to truth, he expected the ſame deference for it from other men; and, without making any allowances for their timidity

or prejudices, he poured forth, againſt thoſe who diſappointed him in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Regardleſs of any diſtinction of rank or character, when his doctrines were attacked, he chaſtiſed all his adverſaries, indiſcriminately, with the ſame rough hand; neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII. nor the eminent learning and ability of Eraſmus, ſcreened them from the ſame abuſe with which he treated Tetzel or Eccius.

But theſe indecencies of which Luther was guilty, muſt not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged in part on the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with thoſe maxims, which, by putting continual reſtraint on the paſſions of individuals, have poliſhed ſociety, and rendered it agreeable, diſputes of every kind were managed with heat, and ſtrong emotions were uttered in their natural language, without reſerve or delicacy. At the ſame time, the works of learned men were all compoſed in Latin; and they were not only authoriſed, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to uſe their antagoniſts with the moſt illiberal ſcurrility; but, in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear leſs ſhocking than in a living language, whoſe idioms and phraſes ſeem groſs, becauſe they are familiar.

In paſſing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their

their own age, not by thoſe of another. For although virtue and vice are at all times the ſame, manners and cuſtoms vary continually. Some parts of Luther's behaviour, which to us appear moſt culpable, gave no diſguſt to his contemporaries. It was even by ſome of thoſe qualities which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accompliſhing the great work which he undertook. To rouſe mankind, when ſunk in ignorance or ſuperſtition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry, armed with power, required the utmoſt vehemence of zeal, and a temper daring to exceſs. A gentle call would neither have reached, nor have excited thoſe to whom it was addreſſed. A ſpirit, more amiable, but leſs vigorous than Luther's, would have ſhrunk back from the dangers which he braved and ſurmounted. Towards the cloſe of Luther's life, though without a perceptible declenſion of his zeal or abilities, the infirmities of his temper increaſed upon him, ſo that he daily grew more peeviſh, more iraſcible, and more impatient of contradiction. Having lived to be witneſs of his own amazing ſucceſs; to ſee a great part of Europe embrace his doctrines; and to ſhake the foundation of the Papal throne, before which the mightieſt monarchs had trembled, he diſcovered, on ſome occaſions, ſymptoms of vanity and ſelf-applauſe. He muſt have been indeed more than man, if, upon contemplating all that he actually accompliſhed,

pliſhed, he had never felt any ſentiment of this kind riſing in his breaſt.

Some time before his death he felt his ſtrength declining, his conſtitution being worn out by a prodigious multiplicity of buſineſs, added to the labour of diſcharging his miniſterial function with unremitting diligence, to the fatigue of conſtant ſtudy, beſides the compoſition of works as voluminous as if he had enjoyed uninterupted leiſure and retirement. His natural intrepidity did not forſake him at the approach of death: his laſt converſation with his friends was concerning the happineſs reſerved for good men in a future world, of which he ſpoke with the fervour and delight natural to one who expected and wiſhed to enter ſoon upon the enjoyment of it. The account of his death filled the Roman Catholic party with exceſſive as well as indecent joy, and damped the ſpirits of all his followers; neither party ſufficiently conſidering that his doctrines were now ſo firmly rooted, as to be in a condition to flouriſh, independent of the hand which firſt had planted them. His funeral was celebrated by order of the Elector of Saxony, with extraordinary pomp. He left ſeveral children by his wife, Catharine Bore, who ſurvived him: towards the end of the laſt century, there were in Saxony ſome of his deſcendants in decent and honourable ſtations.

THE

## THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

(STERNE.)

IT was ſome time in the ſummer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about ſeven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's houſe in town, in order to lay ſome of the fineſt ſieges to ſome of the fineſt fortified cities in Europe—When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his ſupper, with Trim ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſideboard;—The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glaſs or two of ſack; 'tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, ſaid the landlord, who has been taken ill at my houſe four days ago, and has never held up his head ſince, or had a deſire to taſte any thing 'till juſt now, that he has a fancy for a glaſs of ſack and a thin toaſt.—*I think*, ſays he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*——

——If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy ſuch a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almoſt ſteal it for the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill.——I hope in God he will ſtill mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured ſoul, I will anſwer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou ſhalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack thyſelf,—and take a couple of bottles, with my ſervice, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am perſuaded, ſaid my uncle Toby, as the landlord ſhut the door, he is a very compaſſionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining an high opinion of his gueſt too; there muſt be ſomething more than common in him, that in ſo ſhort a time ſhould win ſo much upon the affections of his hoſt; — And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, ſaid my uncle Toby,—do Trim,—and aſk if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it, truly, ſaid the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can aſk his ſon again:—Has he a ſon with him then? ſaid my uncle Toby.——A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has taſted almoſt as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day; —he has not ſtirred from the bed-ſide theſe two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thruſt his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without ſaying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—Stay

— Stay in the room a little, ſays my uncle Toby.— Trim!—ſaid my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and ſmoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his maſter, and made his bow ; — my uncle Toby ſmoked on, and ſaid no more.—Corporal! ſaid my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow. —— My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finiſhed his pipe.

Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myſelf up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a viſit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, ſince the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas ; —and beſides, it is ſo cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.——I fear ſo, replied my uncle Toby ; but I am not at reſt in my mind, Trim, ſince the account the landlord has given me.—I wiſh I had not known ſo much of this affair,— added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it :—How ſhall we manage it ? —Leave it, an't pleaſe your honour, to me, quoth the corporal ;—I'll take my hat and ſtick, and go to the houſe and reconnoitre, and act accordingly ; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.——Thou ſhalt go, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, and here's a ſhilling for thee to drink

with his ſervant—I ſhall get it all out of him, ſaid the corporal, ſhutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his ſecond pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with conſidering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a ſtraight line, as a crooked one,—he might be ſaid to have thought of nothing elſe but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he ſmoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the aſhes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor ſick lieutenant——Is he in the army then? ſaid my uncle Toby—He is, ſaid the corporal——And in what regiment? ſaid my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal every thing ſtraight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, ſaid my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou haſt done; ſo ſit down at thy eaſe, Trim, in the window-ſeat, and begin thy ſtory again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally ſpoke, as plain as a bow could ſpeak it—"Your honour is good:"—And having done that, he ſat down, as he was ordered,—and began the ſtory to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the ſame words.

I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant

lieutenant and his ſon; for when I aſked where his ſervant was, from whom I made myſelf ſure of knowing every thing which was proper to be aſked—That's a right diſtinction, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby—I was anſwered, an' pleaſe your honour, that he had no ſervant with him; —that he had come to the inn with hired horſes, which, upon finding himſelf unable to proceed, (to join, I ſuppoſe, the regiment) he had diſmiſſed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, ſaid he, as he gave his purſe to his ſon to pay the man,—we can hire horſes from hence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, ſaid the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his ſon, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toaſt the landlord ſpoke of;——but I will do it for my father myſelf, ſaid the youth.—Pray let me ſave you the trouble, young gentleman, ſaid I, taking up a fork for the purpoſe, and offering him my chair to ſit down upon by the fire, whilſt I did it.—I believe, ſir, ſaid he, very modeſtly, I can pleaſe him beſt myſelf. —I am ſure, ſaid I, his honour will not like the toaſt the worſe for being toaſted by an old ſoldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and inſtantly burſt into tears.—Poor youth! ſaid my uncle Toby,——he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the

name of a ſoldier, Trim, ſounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wiſh I had him here.

—I never, in the longeſt march, ſaid the corporal, had ſo great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company: — What could be the matter with me, an' pleaſe your honour?—Nothing in the world, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, blowing his noſe,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toaſt, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's ſervant, and that your honour (though a ſtranger) was extremely concerned for his father; — and that if there was any thing in your houſe or cellar—(and thou might'ſt have added my purſe too, ſaid my uncle Toby) he was heartily welcome to it: —— he made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no anſwer,——for his heart was full — ſo he went up ſtairs with the toaſt:—I warrant you, my dear, ſaid I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again. — Mr. Yorick's curate was ſmoking a pipe by the kitchen fire — but ſaid not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it was wrong, added the corporal——I think ſo too, ſaid my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glaſs of ſack and toaſt, he felt himſelf a little revived, and ſent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he ſhould be glad if I would ſtep up ſtairs.—I believe,

believe, ſaid the landlord, he is going to ſay his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-ſide; and as I ſhut the door I ſaw his ſon take up a cuſhion.—

I thought, ſaid the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never ſaid your prayers at all. —— I heard the poor gentleman ſay his prayers laſt night, ſaid the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.——Are you ſure of it? replied the curate:—— A ſoldier, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parſon; ——and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the moſt reaſon to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well ſaid of thee, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.—But when a ſoldier, ſaid I. an' pleaſe your reverence, has been ſtanding for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in the cold water,—or engaged, ſaid I, for months together in long and dangerous marches; —harraſſed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;——harraſſing others to-morrow: —detached here; —countermanded there; —reſting this night upon his arms; —beat up in in his ſhirt the next; —benumbed in his joints; —perhaps without ſtraw in his tent to kneel on; —he muſt ſay his prayers how and when he can.—I believe, ſaid I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an't pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, that when a ſoldier gets time to pray, —he

—he prays as heartily as a parſon—though not with all his fuſs and hopocriſy.—Thou ſhould'ſt not have ſaid that, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will be ſeen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not; and we ſhall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we ſhall, ſaid Trim.—It is in the Scripture, ſaid my my uncle Toby; and I will ſhew it thee to-morrow:—In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, ſaid my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is ſo good and juſt a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:—I hope not, ſaid the corporal.—But go on, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, with thy ſtory.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raiſed upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beſide it:—The youth was juſt ſtooping down to take up the cuſhion, upon which I ſuppoſed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he roſe, in taking up the cuſhion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the ſame time.—Let it remain there, my dear, ſaid the lieutenant.

He

He did not offer to ſpeak to me, till I had walked up cloſe to his bed-ſide :—If you are Captain Shandy's ſervant, ſaid he, you muſt preſent my thanks to your maſter, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courteſy to me,—if he was of Leven's—ſaid the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was.—Then, ſaid he, I ſerved three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis moſt likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the perſon his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not;—ſaid he, a ſecond time, muſing ;—poſſibly he may my ſtory—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the enſign at Breda, whoſe wife was moſt unfortunately killed with a muſket-ſhot, as ſhe lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the ſtory, an't pleaſe your honour, ſaid I, very well.—Do you ſo? ſaid he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In ſaying this, he drew a little ring out of his boſom, which ſeemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiſſed it twice.——Here, Billy, ſaid he,—the boy flew acroſs the room to the bed-ſide, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiſſed it too,—then kiſſed his father, and ſat down upon the bed and wept.

I wiſh, ſaid my uncle Toby with a deep ſigh,—I wiſh, Trim, I was aſleep.

Your

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned; — ſhall I pour your honour out a glaſs of ſack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.

I remember, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſighing again, the ſtory of the enſign and his wife, with a circumſtance his modeſty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as ſhe, upon ſome account or other, (I forget what) was univerſally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finiſh the ſtory thou art upon: —'Tis finiſhed already, ſaid the corporal,—for I could ſtay no longer,—ſo wiſhed his honour a good night; young Le Fevre roſe from off the bed, and ſaw me to the bottom of the ſtairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders — But alas! ſaid the corporal,—the lieutenant's laſt day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,— though I tell it only for the ſake of thoſe, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and poſitive law, know not for their ſouls which way in the world to turn themſelves —That notwithſtanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the ſiege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who preſſed theirs on ſo vigorouſly that they ſcarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheleſs he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterſcarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private diſtreſſes at the inn; and, except that he ordered

ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be ſaid to have turned the ſiege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itſelf, —to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only conſidered how he himſelf ſhould relieve the poor lieutenant and his ſon.

— That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendleſs, ſhall recompenſe thee for this.

Thou haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed.—— and I will tell thee in what Trim.—In the firſt place, when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to Le Fevre, —as ſickneſs and travelling are both expenſive, and thou knoweſt he was but a poor lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt as well as himſelf, out of his pay,—that thou didſt not make an offer to him of my purſe; becauſe, had he ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myſelf—Your honour knows, ſaid the corporal, I had no orders;—True, quoth my uncle Toby,—thou didſt very right, Trim, as a ſoldier,— but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the ſecond place, for which, indeed, thou haſt the ſame excuſe, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredſt him whatever was in my houſe,—thou ſhouldſt have offered him my houſe too:—A ſick brother officer ſhould have the beſt quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:—thou

art

art an excellent nurſe thyſelf, Trim,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and ſet him upon his legs.—

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, ſmiling,——he might march.——He will never march, an' pleaſe your honour, in the world, ſaid the corporal:—He will march, ſaid my uncle Toby, riſing up from the ſide of the bed, with one ſhoe off:—An' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:—He ſhall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a ſhoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he ſhall march to his regiment.—He cannot ſtand it, ſaid the corporal.—He ſhall be ſupported, ſaid my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at laſt, ſaid the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He ſhall not drop, ſaid my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, ſaid Trim, maintaining his point, the poor ſoul will die:—He ſhall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

——The *accuſing ſpirit*, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, bluſhed as he gave it in—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

——My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purſe into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a phyſician,—he went to bed and fell aſleep.

The

The ſun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted ſon's; the hand of death preſs'd heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the ciſtern turn round its circle,——when my uncle Toby, who had roſe up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology ſat himſelf down upon the chair, by the bed-ſide, and independently of all modes and cuſtoms opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and aſked him how he did,—how he had reſted in in the night, — what was his complaint, — where was his pain,——and what he could do to help him? —— and without giving him time to anſwer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

——You ſhall go home directly, Le Fevre, ſaid my uncle Toby, to my houſe, and we'll ſend for a doctor to ſee what's the matter, and we'll have an apothecary, —and the corporal ſhall be your nurſe; — and I'll be your ſervant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankneſs in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity, —but the cauſe of it, — which let you at once into his ſoul, and ſhewed you the goodneſs of his nature; to this, there was ſomething in his looks, and voice, and manner, ſuperadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take ſhelter

under him; ſo that before my uncle Toby had half finiſhed the kind offers he was making to the father, had the ſon inſenſibly preſſed up cloſe to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaſt of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. — The blood and ſpirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and ſlow within him, and were retreating to their laſt citadel, the heart, —— rallied back, the film forſook his eyes for a moment,——he looked up wiſhfully in my uncle Toby's face, — then caſt a look upon his boy, —and that ligament, fine as it was,—was never broken.

Nature inſtantly ebb'd again, — the film return'd to its place, — the pulſe flutter'd — ſtopp'd — went on — throbb'd — ſtopp'd again—mov'd—ſtopp'd—ſhall I go on? — No.

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## STORY OF THE MAIDEN TOWER.

(Anon.)

THERE lived (ſay Turkiſh chronicles) at Chryſipolis, a very rich and noble earl; extremely favoured by the Grecian emperor, with whom he often uſed to ride abroad a hunting, and continue abſent ſometimes twelve or fourteen days together. The counteſs, an exceeding pious and good natured lady, being dead, and leave one ſole daughter, of the greateſt beauty, wit, and other excellencies which adorn a female mind and perſon; ſhe was uſed to mourn her father's abſence in a ſolitary ſorrow, ſtill forſaking company and plea-

ſure,

ſure, to retire alone to ſing or read, amidſt the ſhady groves and pleaſant meadows, which afforded ſweet retirements, not far diſtant from her father's palace.

Her celebrated beauties had alarmed the youth of court and country: every father wiſhed his ſon this maid's poſſeſſor; and the ſon of every parent, mad with paſſion, loſt their ſenſe of other pleaſures, and enchanted by her graces, flocked in numbers to ſollicit her affections. But the aged earl, entirely doating on his daughter's converſation, never liſtened to their largeſt offers, bent, if poſſible, to keep her ſingle, that he might, as long as he ſhould live, enjoy her company. Fortune, on a certain time, the father being abſent, led a young and amorous gentleman to take a penſive walk along the banks of a delightful current, near the bottom of a wood belonging to this earl, and not ſix hundred paces from his houſe; whence juſt before his lovely daughter had walked out, and was by him ſurprized while leaning penſively beneath the ſhelter of a ſpacious Oak, and reading ſoftly with fixed attention. Never was joy more unexpected and tranſporting, than that which ſeized the ſtarting youth at this ſurprizing accident; for he had long been one of thoſe, who languiſhed for her favour; but, till now, had never gained the ſmalleſt opportunity to let her know how much he loved her; having been, among the reſt, denied admiſſion by her father's obſtinacy. Love, I think is ſeldom wanting on ſuch occaſions to inſpire his ſubjects with rhetorical

aſſurance; ſo that, prompted by the dictates of his ruling paſſion, he adreſſed the lady with a modeſty ſo graceful, yet becoming reſolution, that ſhe had no ſooner caſt her eyes upon his perſon, but a ſudden inclination, and as ſudden fright together, ſeized the other regions of her virgin boſom. Various arguments with mutual ſatisfaction paſſed away the time in ſympathetic pleaſures, and ſuch powerful charms did each diſcover in the other's perſon, that, from that time forward, they agreed to meet in the adjoining grove, at the ſame hour every evening, not having opportunity elſewhere to do it, leſt the lady's father ſhould diſcover the intrigue, and hinder them from proſecuting their reſolved affection. I need not tell the Engliſh ladies, that the rules of virtue, and her female modeſty, obliged the daughter of the abſent earl to ſeem more backward than her eager lover, in the amorous ſettlement of their intended meetings; but where occaſions are ſo ſeldom found, it is a needleſs nicety to ſtand too long on lingering ceremonies; ſo, in ſhort, upon aſſurance of her lover's honourable meaning, (and indeed her quality had placed her far above diſtruſting his pretenſions,) ſhe permitted him to hope he might at laſt be happy in her poſſeſſion; and for many weeks met undiſcovered in the ſecret grove, and taſted all thoſe innocent delights which lovers may enjoy, without the ſmalleſt tincture of a criminal converſation.

*But*

*But oh! how ſoon decay the brighteſt ſcenes of ſplendid fortune!* It was not long thi amorous couple held their bliſs unbroken and ſerene; for the earl, long ſince returned, had oft obſerved his daughter abſent in the evenings, and would frequently reflect, with not a little wonder, that ſhe always choſe one certain hour to leave the houſe, and always refuſe whatever company propoſed attending her. His natural jealouſy required no fewel to encreaſe its fire, but, ſupplied with this, burnt out with double fury; ſo that he reſolved to watch which way his daughter took, and make it his endeavour to diſcover what he doubted. Little did ſhe think her father was ſo near, and not miſtruſting him, who at that diſtance ſhe miſlook to be the perſon he appeared, went boldly forward to the place appointed, where ſhe met the object of her love; and ſitting down upon a bank as uſual, tenderly reclined her head upon his boſom, and began to ſay a thouſand ſoft endearing things, believing they were then as private as before; till in a manner ſtupified with eager paſſion, both neglected every object but each other's perſon, not perceiving the ſuſpicious father, who had gone a little round, below the brow of an impending hill, and now ſtalked forward undiſcovered, till he came ſo near behind the lovers, buſied in their courtſhip, that he overheard, with eaſe, each little word that paſſed between them. Kiſſes, and a thouſand other amorous actions, urged the raptured couple to repeat, with loud and ſolemn proteſtations,

old aſſurances of love and marriage; inſomuch that the ſurprized and angry earl, tranſported by his rage to hear his daughter give away herſelf to one, to whom he had before denied her, and for certain family diſputes extremely hated, drew a ſword, which he had privately conveyed within his dreſs, and running violently at the ſtarting nobleman, who drew in his defence, was killed upon the ſpot, before the lady (almoſt dead with fear) recovered from the fright his ſword had put her in. But none can ſurely gueſs the ſtorms of grief and aſtoniſhment which overwhelmed her breaſt with a tempeſtuous hurricane, to hear the ſhepherd's dying voice ſo plainly ſpeak her father's accent. In ſhort, upon approach ſhe knew him, notwithſtanding his diſguiſe; and while the lover, half diſtracted at the fatal accident, prepared to ſpeak his wonder and her comfort, ſhe ran with violence about the fields, forgetting love and all its conſequences but this laſt unhappy one, which ſhe proclaimed aloud to every ſervant of her father's houſe, to which ſhe flew with ſhrieks and horror. The ſervants ran and ſeized the nobleman, who ſtood confounded like a ſpeechleſs ſtatue, looking eagerly on the body of the murdered earl, nor aiming to defend himſelf from being taken. News was carried to the emperor of every circumſtance of this unhappy accident; who, conſidering wiſely all particulars, gave the gentleman a preſent pardon; but, to prevent them from converſing with each other for ever after, ordered the young lady, with two

aunts

aunts and all the family, to be confined in a high tower built in an iſland, called *Stony Iſland*, giving command to all who guarded it, that they ſhould never ſuffer her to get away, nor give admiſſion unto any perſon, ſuch excepted, as were authorized to claim it by his royal paſſport.

A while the lady mourned ſo deeply for her father's death, and the deſponding lover for the action he had done, that neither thought upon the hardſhip of their cruel ſeparation: but when fleeting time preſented to their minds the ſharpneſs of their fate in that ſevere decree, they both forſook all hopes of comfort. She, in priſon, grew quite weary of an hated life; and he, at large, became abandoned to encreaſing ſorrows; melancholy, ſilent, and a priſoner to grief, amidſt the tracts of diſregarded liberty.

Twelve tedious months were now rolled over, and the diſcontented lover ſtill continued every day to viſit the remembered ſcenes of former bliſs and preſent miſery. He would often walk diſconſolately up and down the banks of the delightful river, which was uſed to murmur out a melancholy harmony to ſooth their minds, oppreſſed by fear of ill ſucceſs in their commenced affection, and reflecting on the various words and actions which had paſſed between them, would now and then let fall a mournful tear, to think on their misfortunes. At laſt deſpairing ever more to ſee his dear-contracted miſtreſs, he began to wiſh a period to life, which only ſerved to lengthen

lengthen out his misery; and as he walked one day, perceived a rock, wherein he had heard talk of some dark cave, so dismally forbidding, that no man had ever yet been found, who durst attempt to enter it. Disdain of danger from a wearineſs of living, urged him on to seek the place with a resolution to go in, regardless of the Consequence. He found at last the gloomy entrance of the horrid place, which opened downwards with a very steep and dangerous slope; and never waiting for a second thought, went boldly in, and crept along the ragged side; a narrow channel from the neighbouring river running through a passage betwixt the rocks, directly in the middle, for about an hundred yards. He made shift to crawl along with wonderous difficulty down a very deep and slippery descent, but there perceived the water, which, till then, had ran confined to proper bounds, encreased in breadth to such a vast degree, that there was left no more dry ground to stand upon. However, as desiring death, he was resolved to tempt it, and continued his advances through the water, sometimes scarce above his knees, then almost to his neck; here running ten or twenty yards indifferently smooth, then falling many feet, and roaring round his head like some Egyptian cataract. Sometimes he fell, half drowned with the fury of the impetuous torrent; and sometimes walked through the rushing streams, which almost tripped him from his feet with their amazing swiftness. Still he crept as near as possible to some one side, and held

upon

upon the edges of the rocks he met with, till reflecting on the ſtrangeneſs of the place he walked in, and how much it was impoſſible to re-aſcend thoſe watery paſſages he had already paſſed, he was reſolved to live as long as he was able, and obſerved by touch and ear, what farther wonders the deſcent might lead him to; for it was ſo void of the leaſt glimpſe of comfortable light, that he had then no uſe of eyes, for none could pierce one inch of the ſurrounding darkneſs. He came at laſt ſo far, that he perceived a ſenſible decreaſe in breadth, for he could ſtretch his arms with eaſe, and touch both ſides: but on the contrary, the depth increaſed exceedingly; and by the waters' double roaring, and beating back as from ſome wall, he found the cavity no farther capable of giving room to continued progreſs. Yet, conſidering there muſt be ſome paſſage of emiſſion, and little caring whither it might lead, he dipped his head and body under water, and with much ado ſhot ſwiftly with the eddy through a ſhort and narrow neck, and found himſelf immediately enlarged, but covered over with a flood of waters, which he took to be the ſea; and finding breath grow ſhort upon him, he made uſe of ſtrong and artful ſtrokes which he had learned by ſwimming when a boy; by theſe means thinking he ſhould ſoon be freed, and gain the ſurface, or expire amidſt the waves; both which events he formed a ſwift idea of, expecting either with a like indifference. But he was much ſurprized, when almoſt before he gueſſed it, he perceived his head above the water,

ter, and as ſoon as he could ſee, beheld himſelf within a well or ciſtern, almoſt level with the brim. He ſwam awhile from ſide to ſide, at laſt obſerved a channel, into which the ciſtern diſengaged her riſing waters. There he ſoon got out, extremely weakened by his ſubterraneous journey, and the firſt object he diſcovered, when he looked about, was his former miſtreſs walking in a garden, with a ſorrowful and penſive countenance. The unexpected ſhock was much alike to both. But the lady, affrighted at the odd appearance of a dropping man, who looked like ſome inhabitant of an inferior world, began at firſt to ſhriek and fly; but when he faintly called her by her name, ſhe knew the voice, miſtook him for a ghoſt, and fainted to the earth, unable to ſupport the weight of ſo ſurprizing a diſcovery. But, to conclude, the guards came upon the ſhrieking lady, and immediately laid hold on the adventurous viſitor; but when the emperor was told the ſtory, he commanded both the lover and his miſtreſs to be brought before him, and conſidering the particulars of this amazing accident, immediately reverſed his former ſentence, had them married in his royal preſence, graced them ever after with particular favours, and, in memory thereof, commanded that the caſtle ſhould be called The MAIDEN TOWER: which commemorative name it bears at this day.

THE

## THE RESIGNATION OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

(ROBERTSON.)

CHARLES reſolved to reſign his kingdoms to his ſon, with a ſolemnity ſuitable to the importance of the tranſaction; and to perform this laſt act of ſovereignty with ſuch formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impreſſion on the minds, not only of his ſubjects, but of his ſucceſſor. With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peeviſh temper of his queen, which increaſed with her deſpair of having iſſue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealouſy of the Engliſh left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having aſſembled the ſtates of the Low Countries, at Bruſſels, on the twenty-fifth of October, one thouſand five hundred and fifty five, Charles ſeated himſelf, for the laſt time, in the chair of ſtate; on one ſide of which was placed his ſon, and on the other his ſiſter, the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands; with a ſplendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, ſtanding behind him. The preſident of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the ſtates. He then read the inſtrument of reſignation, by which Charles ſurrendered to his ſon Philip all his territories, juriſdiction. and authority in the Low Countries; abſolving his ſubjects there

there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir, and to ſerve him with the ſame loyalty and zeal which they had manifeſted, during ſo long a courſe of years, in ſupport of his government.

Charles then roſe from his ſeat, and leaning on the ſhoulder of the prince of Orange, becauſe he was unable to ſtand without ſupport, he addreſſed himſelf to the audience, and, from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to aſſiſt his memory, he recounted with dignity, but without oſtentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed ſince the commencement of his adminiſtration. He obſerved, that, from the ſeventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects, reſerving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his eaſe, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleaſure: that, either in a pacific or hoſtile manner, he had viſited Germany nine times, Spain ſix times, France four times, Italy ſeven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by ſea; that, while his health permitted him to diſcharge his duty, and the vigour of his conſtitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing ſuch extenſive dominions, he had never ſhunned labour, nor repined under fatigue; that now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhauſted by the rage of an incurable diſtemper, his growing infirmities admoniſhed him to retire; nor was he ſo fond

of

of reigning, as to retain the ſceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his ſubject, or to render them happy: that, inſtead of a ſovereign worn out with diſeaſes, and ſcarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accuſtomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and ſagacity of maturer years: that if, during the courſe of a long adminiſtration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the preſſure of ſo many and great affairs, and amidſt the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his ſubjects, he now implored their forgiveneſs: that for his part, he ſhould ever retain a grateful ſenſe of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his ſweeteſt conſolation, as well as the beſt reward for all his ſervices; and, in his laſt prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wiſhes for their welfare.

Then, turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees, kiſſed his father's hand, "If," ſays he, "I had left you by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made ſuch large additions, ſome regard would have been juſtly due to my memory on that account: but now, when I voluntarily reſign to you what I might ſtill have retained, I may well expect the warmeſt expreſſions of thanks on your part. With theſe, howe-

ver, I diſpenſe; and ſhall conſider your concern for the welfare of your ſubjects, and your love of them, as the beſt and moſt acceptable teſtimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wiſe and virtuous adminiſtration, to juſtify the extraordinary proof which I this day give of my paternal affection; and to demonſtrate ſo that you are worthy of the confidence which I repoſe in you. Preſerve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country be ſacred in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your people: and, if the time ſhall ever come, when you ſhall wiſh to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a ſon endowed with ſuch qualities, that you can reſign your ſceptre to him with as much ſatisfacton as I give up mine to you!"

As ſoon as Charles had finiſhed this long addreſs to his ſubjects, and to their new ſovereign, he ſunk into the chair, exhauſted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of ſuch an extraordinary effort. During his diſcourſe, the whole audience melted into tears; ſome, from admiration of his magnanimity; others, ſoftened by the expreſſions of tenderneſs towards his ſon, and of love to his people: and all were affected with the deepeſt ſorrow, at loſing a ſovereign, who had diſtinguiſhed the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an aſſembly no leſs ſplendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, reſigned to his ſon the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all theſe vaſt poſſeſſions he reſerved nothing to himſelf, but an annual penſion of a hundred thouſand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a ſmall ſum for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had choſen for his retreat, was the monaſtery of St. Juſtus, in the province of Eſtramadura. It was ſeated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a ſmall brook, and ſurrounded by riſing grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the ſoil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was eſteemed the moſt healthful and delicious ſituation in Spain. Some months before his reſignation, he had ſent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monaſtery, for his accommodation; but he gave ſtrict orders, that the ſtyle of the building ſhould be ſuch as ſuited his preſent ſituation rather than his former dignity. It conſiſted only of ſix rooms; four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet ſquare, were hung with brown cloth, and furniſhed in the moſt ſimple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door on one ſide, into a garden, of which Charles himſelf had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own

hands.' On the other ſide, they communicated with the chapel of the monaſtery, in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly ſufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domeſtics only. He buried there, in ſolitude and ſilence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all thoſe vaſt projects which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being ſubjected to his power.

## STORY OF LA ROCHE.

MORE than forty years ago, an Engliſh philoſopher, whoſe works have ſince been read and admired by all Europe, reſided at a little town in France. Some diſappointments in his native country had firſt driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language are avoided, a perfect ſeclusion and retirement highly favourable to the developement of abſtract ſubjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the ſtructure of mind like Mr.———'s, the finer and more delicate ſenſibilities are ſeldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are

are in a great meaſure extinguiſhed by the exertions of intenſe ſtudy and profound inveſtigation. Hence the idea of philoſophy and unfeelingneſs being united, has become proverbial, and in common language, the former word is often uſed to expreſs the latter.—Our philoſopher has been cenſured by ſome, as deficient in warmth and feeling: but the mildneſs of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain, that, if he was not eaſily melted into compaſſion, it was, at leaſt, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he ſat buſied in thoſe ſpeculations which afterwards aſtoniſhed the world, an old female domeſtic, who ſerved him for a houſekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to ſome diſtant country, and that the father had been ſuddenly ſeized in the night with a dangerous diſorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that ſhe had been ſent for as having ſome knowledge in medicine, the village ſurgeon being then abſent: and that it was truely piteous to ſee the good old man, who ſeemed not ſo much afflicted by his own diſtreſs, as by that which it cauſed his daughter——Her maſter laid aſide the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inſpired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his governante to the ſick man's apartment.

'Twas the beſt in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithſtanding. Mr. —— was obliged to ſtoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joiſts not plaſtered, and hung with cobweb.

On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to viſit; at the foot of it ſat his daughter. She was dreſt in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung looſely over it as ſhe bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. ——— and his houſekeeper had ſtood ſome moments in the room without the young lady's being ſenſible of it.— "Mademoiſelle!" ſaid the old woman at laſt, in a ſoft tone.—She turned and ſhewed one of the fineſt faces in the world.——It was touched, not ſpoiled, with ſorrow; and when ſhe perceived a ſtranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a bluſh at firſt, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeneſs, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguiſh, croſſed it for a moment, and changed its expreſſion. 'Twas ſweetneſs all, however, and our philoſopher felt it ſtrongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his ſervices in a few ſincere ones. "Monſieur lies miſarably ill there, ſaid the governante; "if he could poſſibly be moved any where.—"If he could be moved to our houſe," ſaid the maſter.——He had a ſpare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next

to

to the governante's. It was contrived accordingly. The ſcruples of the ſtranger, who could look ſcruples, though he could not ſpeak them, were overcome, and the baſhful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its uſe to her father. The ſick man was wrapped up in blankets, and carried acroſs the ſtreet to the Engliſh gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurſe him there. The ſurgeon, who arrived ſoon after, preſcribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a few weeks he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his hoſt had learned the name and character of his gueſt. He was a proteſtant clergman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illneſs, for which traveling had been preſcribed, and was now re-returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profeſſion. He poſſeſſed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its aſperity; I mean that aſperity which men, called devout, ſometimes indulge in. Mr. ———, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His governante joined with the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thankſgivings which they put up on his recovery; for ſhe, too, was a heretic, in the phraſe of the village.——The philoſopher walked

walked out with his long ſtaff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thankſgivings. — "My maſter," ſaid the old woman "alas! he is not a Chriſtian; "but he is the beſt of unbelievers." — "Not a Chriſtian;" — exclaimed Mademoiſelle La Roche, "yet he ſaved my father! heaven bleſs him for it; I would he were a Chriſtian! "There is a pride in human knowledge, my child," ſaid her father, "which often blinds men to the ſublime truths of revelation; hence oppoſers of chriſtianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among thoſe of diſſipated characters. Nay, ſometimes I have known the latter more eaſily converted to the true faith than the former, becauſe the fume of paſſion is more eaſily diſſipated than the miſts of falſe theory and deluſive ſpeculation." — "But Mr. ——," ſaid his daughter, alas! my father, he ſhall be a Chriſtian before he dies." — She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord. — He took her hand with an air of kindneſs—ſhe drew it away from him in ſilence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room. — "I have been thanking God," ſaid the good La Roche, "for my recovery." "That is right," replied his landlord. — "I would not wiſh," continued the old man, heſitatingly, "to think otherwiſe; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I ſhould barely be ſatisfied with my own recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good: — alas! I may live to wiſh I had died,

that

that you had left me to die, ſir, inſtead of kindly relieving me; (he claſped Mr.----'s hand;)— but, when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different ſentiment—my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him; it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleaſure, and regards every breach of it, not with diſapprobation, but with horror."—"You ſay right, my dear ſir," replied the philoſopher; "but you are not yet re-eſtabliſhed enough to talk much — you muſt take care of your health, and neither ſtudy nor preach for ſome time. I have been thinking over a ſcheme that ſtruck me today, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. —I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your firſt phyſician, I hold myſelf reſponſible for your cure." La Roche's eyes gliſtened at the propoſal; his daughter was called in, and told of it. She was equally pleaſed with her father; for they really loved their landlord — not perhaps the leſs for his infidelity, at leaſt that circumſtance mixed a ſort of pity with their regard for him; — their ſouls were not of a mould for harſher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by ſhort ſtages; for the philoſopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man ſhould not be fatigued. The party had time to be

be well acquainted with one another, and their friendſhip was increaſed by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of ſimplicity and gentleneſs in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or wiſe man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him none of that ſelf-importance which ſuperior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philoſophy or religion; he ſeemed to enjoy every pleaſure and amuſement of ordinary life, and to be intereſted in the moſt common topics of diſcourſe; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmoſt plainneſs, and without the leaſt ſhadow of dogmatiſm.

On his part, he was charmed with the ſociety of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileneſs manners of the earlieſt times, with the culture and accompliſhments of the moſt refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repreſſed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himſelf happy in being the friend of Mademoiſſelle La Roche, and ſometimes envied her father the poſſeſſion of ſuch a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche; it was ſituate in one of the valleys of the Canton of Berne, where nature ſeems to repoſe, as it were, in quiet, and has incloſed her retreat with

with mountains inacceſſible. — A ſtream that ſpent its fury on the hills above, ran in front of the houſe, and a broken water-fall was ſeen through the wood that covered its ſides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the ſpire of La Roche's church, riſing above a clump of beeches.

Mr. —— enjoyed the beauty of the ſcene; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had loſt. —— The old man's ſorrow was ſilent; his daughter ſobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kiſſed it twice, preſſed it to his boſſom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped off a tear that was juſt about to drop from each eye, began to point out to his gueſt ſome of the moſt ſtriking objects which the proſpect afforded. The philoſopher interpreted all this; and he could but ſlightly cenſure the creed from which it aroſe.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's pariſhioners, who had heard of his return, came to the houſe to ſee and welcome him. The honeſt folks were aukward, but ſincere, in their profeſſions of regard.—They made ſome attempts at condolance; —it was too delicate for their handling, but La Roche took it in good part. "It has pleaſed God," ſaid he; and they ſaw he had ſettled the matter with himſelf.—Philoſophy could not have done ſo much with a thouſand words.

It

It was now evening, and the good peaſants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to ſtrike ſeven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country-folks, who had come to welcome their paſtor, turned their looks towards him at the ſound; he explained their meaning to his gueſt. "That is the ſignal," ſaid he, "for our evening exerciſe; this is one of the nights of the week in which ſome of my pariſhioners are wont to join in it; a little ruſtic ſaloon ſerves for the chapel of our family, and ſuch of the good people as are with us.——If you chooſe rather to walk out, I will furniſh you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you ſome amuſement within." —— "By no means,", anſwered the philoſopher, "I will attend Ma'moiſelle at her devotions" — "She is our organiſt," ſaid La Roche; our neighbourhood is the country of muſical mecaniſm; and I have a ſmall organ fitted up for the purpoſe of aſſiſting our ſinging.—'Tis an additional inducement," replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end ſtood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aſide, and, placing herſelf on a ſeat within, and drawing the curtain cloſe, ſo as to ſave her the aukwardneſs of an exhibition, began a voluntary, ſolemn and beautiful in the high[illegible] degree Mr. —— was no muſician, but he was altogether inſenſible to muſic; this

this faſtened on his mind more ſtrongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The ſolemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which ſuch of the audience as could ſing immediately joined; the words were moſtly taken from holy writ; it ſpoke the praiſes of God, and his care of good men. Something was ſaid of the death of the juſt, of ſuch as die in the Lord. — The organ was touched with a hand leſs firm; — it pauſed; it ceaſed; — and the ſobbing of Ma'moiſelle La Roche was heard in its ſtead. Her father gave a ſign for ſtopping the pſalmody, and roſe to pray. He was diſcompoſed at firſt, and his voice faltered as he ſpoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarraſsment. He addreſſed a Being whom he loved; and he ſpoke for thoſe he loved. His pariſhioners catched the ardour of the good old man; even the philoſopher felt himſelf moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he ſhould not.

La Roche's religion was that of ſentiment, nor theory; and his gueſt was averſe from diſputation: their diſcourſe, therefore, did not lead to queſtions concerning the belief of either, yet would the old man ſometimes ſpeak of his, from the fulneſs of a heart impreſſed with its force, and wiſhing to ſpread the pleaſure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour, were ſo congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philoſopher might have called him an enthuſiaſt; but, if he poſſeſſed the fer-

vour of enthuſiaſts, he was guiltleſs of their bigotry. "Our Father which art in heaven!" might the good man ſay — for he felt it — and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," ſaid he to Mr. ——, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquiſite pleaſure derived from muſic; you regret your want of muſical powers and muſical feelings; it is a department of ſoul, you ſay, which nature has almoſt denied you, which, from the effects you ſee it have on others, you are ſure muſt be highly delightful. — Why ſhould not the ſame thing be ſaid of religion? Truſt me, I feel it in the ſame way; an energy, an inſpiration, which I would not loſe for all the bleſſings of ſenſe or enjoyments of the world; yet, ſo far from leſſening my reliſh of the pleaſures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds the bleſſing of ſentiment to that of ſenſation in every good thing I poſſeſs; and when calamities overtake me — and I have had my ſhare — it confers a dignity on my affliction, — ſo lifts me above the world. — Man, I know, is but a worm, — yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!" — It would have been inhuman in our philoſopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the ſun-ſhine of this belief.

His diſcourſe, indeed, was very remote from metaphyſical diſquiſition, or religious controverſy. — Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary converſation was the

the leaſt tinctured with pedantry, or liable to diſputation. With La Roche and his daughter it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the compariſon of both with thoſe of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the ſentiments they conveyed, and the paſſions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality or alternate advantage among the ſpeakers, were the ſubjects they talked on. Their hours, too, of riding and walking, were many, in which Mr. ——, as a ſtranger, was ſhewn the remarkable ſcenes and curioſities of the country. They would ſometimes make little expeditions, to contemplate, in different attitudes, thoſe aſtoniſhing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal ſnows, and ſometimes ſhooting into fantaſtic ſhapes, form the termination of moſt of the Swiſs proſpects. Our philoſopher aſked many queſtions as to their natural hiſtory and productions. La Roche obſerved the ſublimity of the ideas which the view of their ſtupendous ſummits, inacceſſible to mortal foot, was calculated to inſpire, which naturally, ſaid he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.— "They are not ſeen in Flanders!" ſaid Mamoiſelle, with a ſigh. "That's an odd remark," ſaid Mr. ——, ſmiling.— She bluſhed; and he enquired no farther.

'Twas with regret he left a ſociety in which he found himſelf ſo happy; but he ſettled with La Roche and

his daughter a plan of correſpondence; and they took his promiſe, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he ſhould travel thoſe fifty leagues to viſit them.

About three years after, our philoſopher was on a viſit at *Geneva*; the promiſe he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former viſit, was recalled to his mind, by the view, of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for ſeveral months paſt. The truth was, that indolence was the habit moſt natural to him, from which he was not eaſily rouſed by the claims of correſpondence either of his friends or of his enemies: when the latter drew their pens in controverſy, they were often unanſwered as well as the former. While he was heſitating about a viſit to La Roche, which he wiſhed to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from *Paris*, where he had then his fixed reſidence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. ——'s want of punctuality, but an aſſurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and as a friend whom the writer conſidered intereſted in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiſelle La Roche, with a young man, a relation of her own. and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the moſt amiable diſpoſitions,

and

and reſpectable character. Attached from their earlieſt years, they had been ſeparated by his joining one of the ſubſidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the ſervice of a foreign power. In this ſituation he had diſtinguiſhed himſelf as much for courage and military ſkill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his ſervice was now expired; and they expected him to return in a few weeks when the old man hoped, as he expreſſed it in his letter, to join their hands, and ſee them happy before he died.

Our philoſopher felt himſelf intereſted in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether ſo happy in the tidings of Ma'moiſelle La Roche's marriage, as her father ſuppoſed him. — Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the moſt amiable women he had ſeen; and there was ſomething in the idea of her being another's for ever, that ſtruck him, he knew not why, like a diſappointment. — After ſome little ſpeculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this viſit to ſee his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the laſt day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progreſs; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche reſided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road; and he found himſelf, at laſt, in view of the lake which

I have before deſcribed, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that ſeemed to proceed from the houſe; it moved ſlowly along as he proceeded up the ſide of the lake; and at laſt he ſaw it glimmer through the trees, and ſtop at ſome diſtance from the place where he then was. He ſuppoſed it ſome piece of bridal merriment, and puſhed on his horſe, that he might be a ſpectator of the ſcene but he was a good deal ſhocked, on approaching the ſpot, to find it proceed from the torch of a perſon clothed in the dreſs of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by ſeveral others, who, like him, ſeemed to have been employed in the rites of ſepulture.

On Mr. ——'s making enquiry who was the perſon they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profeſſion, anſwered. "Then you knew not Mademoiſelle, Sir! —you never beheld a lovelier"—"LaRoche?" exclaimed he in reply—"Alas! it was ſhe indeed!" —The appearance of ſurprize and grief which his countenance aſſumed, attracted the notice of the peaſant with whom he talked. —He came up cloſer to Mr. ——. "I perceive, ſir, you were acquainted with Mademoiſelle La Roche."—"Acquainted with her! —Good God! —when —how —where did ſhe die? —Where is her father?"—"She died, ſir, of heart-break, I believe: the young gentleman to whom ſhe was ſoon to have been married, was killed

in

in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion; and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greateſt favours. Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a Chriſtian ſhould: he is even ſo compoſed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his pariſhioners, as is the cuſtom with us on ſuch occaſions: — Follow me, ſir; and you ſhall hear him." — He followed the man without anſwering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was ſeated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a pſalm to that Being whom their paſtor had taught them ever to bleſs and to revere. La Roche ſat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half cloſed, lifted up in ſilent devotion. A lamp, placed near him, threw its light ſtrong on his head, and marked the ſhadowy lines of age acroſs the paleneſs of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The muſic ceaſed, — La Roche ſat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. —— was not leſs affected than they. — La Roche aroſe. — "Father of mercies!" ſaid he, "forgive theſe tears: aſſiſt thy ſervant to lift up his ſoul to thee; to lift to thee the ſouls of thy people! — My friends! it is good ſo to do: at all ſeaſons it is good; but, in the days of our diſtreſs, what a privilege it is! Well ſaith the ſacred book,

book, "Truſt in the Lord; at all times truſt in the Lord." When every other ſupport fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then ſeek thoſe living waters which flow from the throne of God. —'Tis only from the belief of the goodneſs and wiſdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wiſdom is here of little uſe; for, in proportion as it beſtows comfort, it repreſſes feeling, without which we may ceaſe to be hurt by calamity, but we ſhall alſo ceaſe to enjoy happineſs. — I will not bid you be inſenſible, my friends! I cannot, I cannot, if I would" (his tears flowed afreſh) — "I feel too much myſelf; and I am not aſhamed of my feelings: but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me ſtrength to ſpeak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with theſe tears; not from ſpeculation, but from experience, — that while you ſee me ſuffer, you may know alſo my conſolation.

You behold the mourner of his only child, the laſt earthly ſtay and bleſſing of his declining years! Such a child too! — It becomes not me to ſpeak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, becauſe, they were exerted towards myſelf. — Not many days ago you ſaw her young, beautiful, virtuous and happy; — ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then, — ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards him who ſtruck me; I ſee the hand of a father amidſt

amidſt the chaſtenings of my God. — Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is preſſed down with many ſorrows, to pour it out with confidence to him, in whoſe hands are life and death; on whoſe power awaits all that the firſt enjoys; and in contemplation of whom diſappears all that the laſt can inflict! — For we are not as thoſe who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth, — that we ſhall live with him, with our friends his ſervants, in that bleſſed land where ſorrow is unknown, and happineſs is endleſs as it is perfect. — Go then; mourn not for me; I have not loſt my child: but a little while, and we ſhall meet again, never to be ſeparated. — But ye are alſo my children: Would ye that I ſhould grieve without comfort? — So live as ſhe lived; that, when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his."

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience anſwered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had loſt its ſadneſs, and aſſumed the glow of faith and of hope. — Mr. —— followed him into his houſe. The inſpiration of the pulpit was paſt; at ſight of him the ſcenes they had lately met in ruſhed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together, in ſilence, into the parlour where the evening ſervice was wont to be performed. — The curtains

tains of the organ were open; La Roche ſtarted back at the ſight. — "Oh! my friend!" ſaid he; and his tears burſt forth again. Mr. —— had now recollected himſelf; he ſtept forward, and threw the curtains cloſe — the old man wiped off his tears; and, taking his friend's hand, "you ſee my weakneſs," ſaid he; "'tis the weakneſs of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore loſt." — "I heard you," ſaid the other, "in the pulpit; I rejoice that ſuch conſolation is yours." — "It is, my friend," ſaid he; and I truſt I ſhall ever hold it faſt; — if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot reſtore our happineſs, let them not take away the ſolace of our affliction."

Mr. ——'s heart was ſmitten; — and I have heard him, long after, confeſs, that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakneſs; when, amidſt all the pleaſures of philoſophical diſcovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche and wiſhed that he had never doubted.

## THE CHARACTER OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

[ MIDDLETON. ]

CÆSAR was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could exalt human nature, and give a man the aſcendant in ſociety: formed to excel in peace,

peace, as well as war; provident in council; fearleſs in action; and executing what he had reſolved with an amazing celerity: generous beyond meaſure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, ſcarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are ſeldom found together, ſtrength and elegance; Cicero ranks him among the greateſt orators that Rome ever bred; and Quinctilian ſays, that he ſpoke with the ſame force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himſelf to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a maſter only of the politer arts; but converſant alſo with the moſt abſtruſe and critical parts of learning; and, among other works which he publiſhed, addreſſed two books to Cicero, on the analogy of language, or the art of ſpeaking and writing correctly. He was a moſt liberal patron of wit and learning, whereſoever they were found; and out of his love of thoſe talents, would readily pardon thoſe who had employed them againſt himſelf; rightly judging, that by making ſuch men his friends, he ſhould draw praiſes from the ſame fountain from which he had been aſperſed. His capital paſſions were ambition, and love of pleaſure; which he indulged in their turns to the greateſt exceſs: yet the firſt was always predominant; to which he could eaſily ſacrifice all the charms of the ſecond, and draw pleaſure even from toils and dangers, when they miniſtered

to

to his glory, For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero ſays, the greateſt of goddeſſes; and had frequently in his mouth a verſe of Euripides, which expreſſed the image of his ſoul, that if right and juſtice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the ſake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpoſe of his life; the ſcheme that he had formed from his early youth; ſo that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with ſobriety and meditation to the ſubverſion of the republic. He uſed to ſay, that there were two things neceſſary, to acquire and to ſupport power — ſoldiers and money; which yet depended mutually upon each other: with money therefore he provided ſoldiers, and with ſoldiers extorted money; and was, of all men, the moſt rapacious in plundering both friends and foes; ſparing neither prince, nor ſtate, nor temple, nor even private perſons, who were known to poſſeſs any ſhare of treaſure. His great abilities would neceſſarily have made him one of the firſt citizens of Rome; but diſdaining the condition of a ſubject, he could never reſt, till he made himſelf a monarch. In acting this laſt part, his uſual prudence ſeemed to fail him; as if the height to which he was mounted, had turned his head, and made him giddy: for, by a vain oſtentation of his power, he deſtroyed the ſtability of it: and as men ſhorten life by living too faſt, ſo by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

BRITISH
18 MA 64
MUSEUM

# The Dupe of Love and Friendship &c.

*They whispered for a Minute, and then came and jointly assisted to raise me from the ground.*

Vide page 80. Vol. I.

*Published by J. Roach Woburn Street New Drury Theatre Royal. 1795.*

# The Dupe of Love and Friendship, &c.
*by Griffiths.*

# Columbus's discovery of America,
*by Voltaire.*

# The Private Life of Æmilius Scipio.
*by Rollin.*

# Romulus *to the* People *of* Rome.
*by Hooke.*

# On Human Grandeur.
*by Goldsmith.*

# The Captive,
*by Sterne.*

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

# DUPE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP;

OR, THE

# UNFORTUNATE IRISHMAN.

A MORAL TALE.

*Founded on a Fact which happened at Liverpool.*

[GRIFFITH.]

IT has been remarked, and I fear with too much juſtice, that one of the moſt pleaſing Dramatic Entertainments which has been produced for at leaſt a century, though abounding in wit and ſatire againſt Vice, has been acceſſary to the miſleading many of the Youth of Great Britain into the commiſſion of a crime, againſt which both the laws of God and man are armed with judgment and penalties.

The Piece in queſtion will be eaſily gueſſed at, when I pronounce Macheath to be the *Sir Clement Cotterel* to Tyburn, to which I dare ſay he has introduced more Engliſh youths, than ever our gentle Knight has had an opportunity of preſenting foreigners at the Court of St. James's. Though perfectly clear in this point, I moſt ſincerely acquit the amiable Author of the *Beggar's Opera*, of any intention to injure the morals of his countrymen; but the effects of gilded vices, to minds which have not ſtrength enough to beware of

the latent poiſon, muſt ever be fatal ; and ſurely there cannot be a more dangerous ſnare, than to repreſent a man brave while in the commiſſion of a mean vice, or happy under accumulated guilt, and the terrors of the law. Yet ſtimulated by the apparent jollity, and falſe ideas of honour and ſpirit, which are expreſſed by the Captain and his gang, I am perſuaded many young men have taken the highway, who would have ſhuddered at the idea of becoming Knights of the Road, if they had never happened to ſee ſo familiar a repreſentation of ſuch heroic Freebooters.

What I mean by this preamble, is to ſtrip theſe figures of their falſe colouring, to turn the other ſide of the canvas to the young and heedleſs, and to ſhew them the miſeries neceſſarily attendant on vice, to minds that are not totally depraved, and irreclaimable.

" And now, my friends, this theme ſhall I diſcuſs,
" Or tell a Tale? A Tale.—It follows thus ;"

A few days before the Summer Aſſizes of the year 1748, I happened to have ſome buſineſs which carried me to Liverpool ; and having been formerly acquainted with that worthy Magiſtrate, Mr. Alderman S——le, I waited upon him to renew my acquaintance ; and was juſt ſeated in his drawing-room, when he was called upon to commit a malefactor to priſon. As I was myſelf of the Quorum, though not in that diſtrict, he did me the honour to permit my attending him in the execution of his judicial office ; and in a few minutes

nutes the culprit was brought before us, and charged with having robbed a waggoner of three guineas, while he ſlept at a little cottage about three miles from Liverpool.

It appeared, in the courſe of the evidence, that the delinquent had taken the money early in the morning, from a purſe which contained upwards of thirty pounds, and had immediately left the houſe, unobſerved by any one! and that ſome hours after, when the theft was diſcovered, he was met by his purſuers within a few yards of the place, and in the very act of returning towards it again.

This circumſtance, joined to the youthful and elegant appearance of the criminal, awakened Mr. S——le's compaſſion towards him; and with the voice of Mercy, and the look of Benevolence, he aſked the unhappy youth what he had to ſay in his defence? Oppreſſed with ſhame, and almoſt ſinking to the earth, the youth replied, "Nothing, Sir: I have deſerved death, and wiſh to meet it, as an expiation of my crimes. As I am luckily unknown, its infamy and bitterneſs can only affect myſelf. I have for ſome time paſt been acquainted with miſery, and I truſt I ſhall meet its period with a becoming fortitude. Excuſe me, Sir if I refuſe to anſwer any other queſtions you may aſk me on this occaſion, or to uſe farther ſpeech upon a ſubject I am weary of — my wretched, very wretched ſelf.'

No words can furniſh the reader with an adequate idea of the effect, which this ſhort, but impaſſioned diſcourſe produced upon its hearers. Mr. S——le's hand trembled while he ſigned the criminal's committal, and even the Plaintiff blubbered out his ſorrow for having, as he termed it, a hand in the lad's life; he was, however, bound over to proſecute, and the culprit was ſent to the county gaol.

Beauty, in man or woman, is certainly, as Queen Elizabeth ſaid, *a letter of recommendation*, and naturally prejudices the beholders in favour of the poſſeſſor; but when our ſenſibility is heightened by ſeeing it in diſtreſs, it becomes almoſt irreſiſtible. In order, then, that the reader may catch ſome part of the ſympathy I felt towards this unhappy youth, I ſhall deſcribe his figure and appearance.

He ſeemed to be about nineteen years of age; tall, ſlender, and perfectly well made; his eyes dark hazle; his noſe a little aquiline; a mouth, which, when he ſpoke, ſeemed to poſſeſs a thouſand nameleſs graces; his cheeks were ſun-burnt, but his forehead fair, and adorned with a profuſion of the fineſt auburn hair, which hung undreſſed and negligent upon his ſhoulders: add to all theſe, a countenance expreſſive of manly ſenſe and ſpirit, though depreſſed, joined to an air of elegance and faſhion, and I think he wanted not *the zone beneath his ear* to make him appear *an Adonis*.

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In vain did Mr. S——le or I try to ſhake off the impreſſion which this unfortunate youth had made upon our minds; we could neither think or talk on any other ſubject; and after we had drank our coffee, he determined to viſit him in the priſon; to acquaint him with the near approach of his fate, which would probably be terminated at the aſſizes; to induce him to diſcover himſelf, ſo far as might aid his humane endeavours, if poſſible, to preſerve his life; and to ſee that there was no unneceſſary ſeverity or inhumanity practiſed towards him, as a criminal.

Theſe laudable intentions were for a long time fruſtrated by the invincible ſilence of the perſon in whoſe favour they were deſigned; till upon Mr. S——le's repeatedly aſking him if he had a father or mother living, he burſt into a torrent of tears, which almoſt ſuffocated him, and then exclaimed, in all the bitterneſs of grief, "I had a mother, a few months ago but I perhaps have murdered her! O ſpare me, Sir, and let my death make all the poor atonement that is left me."

The clue being once found, the generous S——le purſued the opening track, and ſo pathetically enlarged upon the anguiſh which a tender parent muſt ſuffer for the untimely death of ſuch a ſon, as to make him confeſs he wiſhed to ſave his mother from that miſery, if it were poſſible; but as he feared it was not, the only hope, which he had now remaining, was, that ſhe

might continue ignorant of his fate, and never know the infamy he had entailed upon his name.

The heart thas has been hardened only by misfortune, is eaſily ſoftened by kindneſs; and the tender attention which Mr. S——le had ſhewn to this unhappy youth, at length triumphed over his intended reſerve, which ſeverity could not have conquered, and prompted him to give the following hiſtory of himſelf:

"I am a native of Ireland, and the eldeſt ſon of a Clergyman, whoſe name was Hartford, who died when I was about twelve years old, and left a brother and two ſiſters younger than myſelf. My father was deemed an honour to his profeſſion, both in his public and private character, as a man of ſenſe, probity, and learning; and as the tendereſt of huſbands and fathers. My mother too was a pattern of conjugal and maternal love. — O why did I degenerate from virtues ſuch as theirs; and become, as I am now, an outcaſt of ſociety, and a ſcandal to my name!

My father's livings were very conſiderable, but the income died with him: there, however, remained in the family a ſmall paternal eſtate of about three hundred pounds a-year, which had been portioned out by ſettlement among us; and on this, by the prudent œconomy of my mother, we were all ſupported in a ſtate of perfect affluence, though not of grandeur; ſhe conſtantly reſiding in the country, and giving up her whole

whole time and attention to the care, management, and education of her little family.

When I was fifteen years old, I was entered in the College of Dublin, and was informed by my dear and tender mother, that any of the liberal profeſſions were left open to my choice; and that ſhe would contrive to ſpare, from her ſlender income, as much as ſhould ſupport me like a gentleman, in the ſtudy of any of them. which beſt ſuited my genius or inclination.

For two years I applied myſelf indefatigably to my ſtudies, and obtained the higheſt applauſe from my Tutor, and the other Fellows of the College. I however obſerved, that the Students rather ſeemed to diſlike and ſhun me, and frequently uſed, in deriſion, to call me the Beardleſs Monitor. On this account I altered my plan, and became leſs ſtudious, and of courſe more diſſipated. I ſoon contracted a friendſhip with a fellow-ſtudent, about three years elder than myſelf, who was the ſon of a low mechanic, and was what they term a *Sizar* in that Univerſity, who ranks in a ſtation below the Gentlemen Commoners and Penſioners.

This young man was an excellent ſcholar, and poſſeſſed of many agreeable qualities: he ſung, played on the flute, wrote verſes, which he often ſuffered to paſs for the productions of thoſe who had more money and leſs talents than himſelf; but with all theſe pleaſing qualifications, he was idle, inſincere, and debauched; for ever neceſſitous from his vices, he attached himſelf to thoſe who could beſt ſupply his wants.

As

As my allowance was much too ſcanty to afford him any pecuniary advantages, I was weak enough to ſuppoſe that his friendſhip for me was totally diſintereſted, and that Parker (for that was his name) loved me, as I did him, with a ſincere and generous affection. He introduced me to many females of his acquaintance, and, amongſt the reſt, to a widow who had two daughters: they were but in low circumſtances, and made the ſcholars bands and ſurplices for their livelehood. The youngeſt of theſe, whoſe name was Maria, was by far the moſt beautiful and elegant creature that I had ever converſed with; and when my friend and I returned from our firſt viſit, I reproached him with having made me unhappy, by ſhewing me an object capable of attracting my tendereſt regards, when I did not doubt that he had already engaged hers.

He laughed at my ſcruples, and ſolemnly aſſured me that he had never thrown away a thought upon Maria, and went ſo far as to ſay, he did not even think her handſome; and added, if I had no other obſtacle to ſurmount, but his attachment to her, I might render myſelf happy in her affections, as ſoon as I could obtain them.

Though much aſtoniſhed, I was delighted at his indifference, and daily repeated my viſits to this idol of my ſoul, without daring to aſk myſelf what end I could purpoſe in this attachment. By degrees I became ſo totally devoted to my paſſion, as to neglect my

ſtudies,

ſtudies entirely; and from having been remarked for the moſt ſedulous and ingenuous youth of my ſtanding, I was now continually reprimanded and admoniſhed for my idleneſs; nay, even threatened with expulſion, if I did not amend my conduct.

The diſſipated ſcene of life which I was now engaged in, neceſſarily led me into expences which I could not ſupport. Perpetual parties of pleaſure were formed for the entertainment of Maria and her family, Parker was our Maſter of the Revels: and while I could raiſe money at any rate, we indulged in every kind of profuſion.

At length he obſerved to me that I was loſing my time, and perſuaded me to preſs for the immediate reward of my paſſion. I ſtarted at the idea of injuring the chaſte, the tender Maria's heart, with a propoſal unworthy of her; yet bluſhing owned to him, I could not think of marrying her without conſulting my mother.

He ridiculed me for the mention of marriage; ſaid, he was ſure the girl had never ſuch a thought; and that as ſhe was as much in love as I, ſhe perhaps might think ſhe had reaſon to complain of my coldneſs. This was the firſt time I had ever ventured to conſider my attachment but in the moſt ſerious light; but he ſoon furniſhed me with reaſons ſufficiently ſpecious to make me think of it as a mere matter of gallantry. I however reſolved in my own mind, that if Maria, which I ſtill doubted, ſhould comply with my wiſhes, I ſhould hold myſelf

myſelf as firmly engaged to her, as if ſhe was my wife; and whenever it was in my power, without offending my ſtill honoured parent, I would certainly make her ſo.

Satisfied with this poor ſalvo, I proceeded to the commiſſion of the greateſt crime that a man can be guilty of: — that of robbing an artleſs young creature of her innocence, under the falſe pretext of love. Dear injured maid, forgive thy vile betrayer! and may each crime, which ſince that æra thou haſt committed be viſited on me, and me alone!"

At this paſſage, grief for ſome minutes ſtopped his utterance: when he recovered his voice, he proceeded thus:

"I for ſome time revelled in the higheſt delights that man, conſidered only as a ſenſual animal, is capable of; yet were there certain compunctions ſtill labouring in my breaſt, which poſſeſſed it with fear; a paſſion of all others the moſt deſtructive to human happineſs, and which Providence ſeems to have placed as an attendant on ſecret guilt, to render condign puniſhment almoſt unneceſſary. At length my anxieties were encreaſed by an event, which, in other circumſtances, would have added to my enjoyments. Maria weeping told me, that ſhe was with child, and propoſed our flying together to ſome obſcure retreat, where ſhe might conceal her infamy.

Alarmed

Alarmed for her peace and ſafety much more than for my own, I conſulted Parker in this new diſtreſs; but inſtead of affording me advice or conſolation, he reviled me for the very crime which he himſelf had prompted; ſaid I was a villain for having ſeduced an innocent girl, without having the means to ſupport or protect her.

Too ſtrong I felt the juſtice of his charge, either to refute or reſent it. After much cruelty of expreſſion on his part, and real ſorrow on mine, he ſaid, the only expedient that remained to ſave Maria's character, or my own, was to obtain money from my mother, upon ſome pretence or other, and carry off my miſtreſs to England, where ſhe might paſs for my wife, and I might eaſily procure the means of ſupporting her there; at leaſt till ſhe was brought to-bed, and able, as he termed it, to ſhift for herſelf.

I had already drawn on my mother for much more than my uſual allowance; and though ſhe had not refuſed my draughts, ſhe had gently hinted that I muſt not expect any farther indulgence of that kind, for that it was not in her power to anſwer my demands, without depriving herſelf, and the reſt of her family, of the neceſſary means of ſupport. To write to her, therefore, upon this ſubject, could be of no uſe; ſo that he then propoſed my going to ſee her, and trying what I could obtain by perſonal perſuaſion, as our

*dernier*

*dernier reſort.* He found me unequal to this act of diſſimulation, and therefore offered to accompany me, in order to vouch every thing I ſhould ſay. — I readily accepted his aſſiſtance. I wanted a ſupport, indeed, on this occaſion; but it ſhould have been that of truth and honour, and not of a villain, to plunge me deeper ſtill in guilt and miſery.

My ever dear, my tender mother received me with tears of joy; my ſiſters and my brother looked like ſmiling Cherubs; while I, with a whole Hell within my breaſt, appeared to my own conſcience like the enemy of man, a ſerpent, in the bowers of Eden. — Parker became a favourite with the whole family, his manners being perfectly accommodating, and ſeveral days were paſſed in the moſt innocent and chearful amuſements.

At length I hinted my errand to my mother, who generouſly told me, ſhe would ſhare her laſt guinea with me. and that ſhe was then luckily enabled to ſupply my wants, by having received an arrear of two hundred pounds (an old debt that had been due to my father) a few days before; and added, that ſhe hoped half that ſum would make me rich and happy for the preſent; and that ſhe would be my banker for the remainder.

I was tranſported at her generoſity, yet could not find words to expreſs my feelings, from a conſciouſneſs that I was on the point of rendering her miſerable, in return

return for her having made me, as ſhe thought, happy. — I communicated this unhoped for acquiſition to Parker, who ſeemed not ſatisfied with the moiety, and adviſed me not to leave the houſe without the whole.

I told him I had rather die, than preſs ſo kind a guardian farther. He treated my delicacy with contempt, and ſaid I muſt ſoon die, and Maria too, if we had nothing more than that ſum to depend upon in a ſtrange country. There was no argument he could uſe that could prevail on me to make a further demand; ſo that, at laſt, he propoſed that I ſhould take it without her knowledge.

I ſhuddered at ſo vile a propoſal — but he had gained an uncommon influence over my mind. He had a way of hurrying me into his purpoſes, and by repeatedly dwelling upon the diſtreſs which Maria might be expoſed to in a foreign land, villain as I am, I at length conſented to the deed; which we perpetrated on the Sunday following, when my mother and her little innocent family were gone to church, and perhaps at that moment were imploring bleſſings on my guilty head.

We reached Dublin with the utmoſt diſpatch our horſes could make, and did not ſtop till we arrived at a tavern in the ſuburbs, at a place called Ringſend. Parker immediately ſet out to bring Maria to me, and to enquire if there was a ſhip ready to ſail; for my guilt made me fearful of appearing abroad. He

was a braver villain. During his abſence I was overwhelmed with remorſe and anguiſh, and was prompted to confide Maria and half the money to his care, and return with the diſhoneſt part of it home again, and throw myſelf at my mother's feet. But my Evil Genius prevailed; and the fond idea of Maria's charms quickly put an end to the thought of quitting her for a moment.

When ſhe arrived, I embraced her with tears, and told her that my love for her had made me a villain, and rendered me unworthy of hers.—I was hurt at perceiving that ſhe did not ſeem ſhocked at the recital of my crime; but, on the contrary, joined with Parker to laugh at my ſcruples. I ſoon found it had been ſettled between them, that he ſhould accompany our flight. As he was an accomplice in the robbery I had committed, he thought it not ſafe to ſtay behind; and though I allowed the juſtice of his claim to ſhare our fortune, I would have relinquiſhed the guilty prize with pleaſure to have been relieved from his company, which was now become irkſome to me; as he ſeemed to treat me with the inſolence of ſuperiority upon all occaſions, and continued to lead her in to join in ridiculing my *moral cowardice*, as they choſe to call it.

We ſailed, the next day, in the pacquet; and on our arrival at Holyhead, I expreſſed my concern leſt the journey through Wales ſhould fatigue Maria too much in her preſent delicate ſituation. She quickly relieved

relieved my apprehenſions on that ſubject, by ſaying, ſhe thanked Heaven ſhe was not with child, and hoped ſhe never ſhould be. — I felt myſelf diſguſted at her ſpeech; for, excluſive of the deceit ſhe had practiſed on me, there was ſomething unfeminine in her mode of expreſſion, which took off from the ſofineſs of her beauty, and ſeemed to render her features maſculine.

I became penſive and reſerved, during our long journey; but on our arrival in London, the variety of new objects which engaged my attention, joined to the ſoothing blandiſhments of Maria, though her manners often alarmed me, helped to diſpel the gloom, and I ſoon entered, with all the ſpirit of diſſipation, into the numberleſs amuſements with which that great City abounds. — Our finances declined apace, and Maria's chearfulneſs and vivacity ſeemed to ſympathize with their decay.

Parker then propoſed our making a deſperate puſh, with the laſt fifty that remained, by trying our fortune at a gaming-table. I objected my want of knowledge; which he ſeemed to think of no conſequence, and ſaid, that Fortune favoured the bold. But when he found I was not to be prevailed on, he with the utmoſt gaiety obſerved, that there was but one other reſource left; and added, that he was ready to accompany me either to Hounſlow, or Bagſhot-Heath, the next morning, and wanted to go immediately and provide us piſtols for the enterprize.

I expreſſed the utmoſt horror at this propoſal. He grew outrageous at my declining it, called me half-blooded villain, and ſaid, if I perſiſted in my refuſal, he would turn evidence, and hang me for the robbery I had already committed.—Maria, who was preſent, interpoſed between us, and ſeemed to calm his paſſion. I quitted the room, and flung myſelf on my bed, in an agony of grief and rage but little ſhort of diſtraction.

O let no innocent untainted mind believe there can be faith or friendſhip found where Vice cements the league! the monſter who had betrayed me into guilt of every kind, now threatened to enforce the juſtice of the laws againſt the wretch whom he had made a criminal.

Maria and Parker walked out together, and left me alone almoſt abandoned to deſpair. When they returned, ſhe came into my chamber and begged I would try to be chearful, and forget what was paſſed, as my friend was ſincerely ſorry for having offended me. She obſerved, that if we continued upon terms, we might perhaps be able to hit upon ſome ſcheme for our mutual ſupport and advantage; and added, that we were too much in each other's power to part; at leaſt in anger.

I felt the force of her laſt argument too powerfully to reſiſt; and determined, the next day, to divide my ſmall ſtock to the laſt ſhilling with Parker, and ſeparate from him, if poſſible, in peace.—We ſupped together,

together, and Maria appeared uncommonly chearful and agreeable. We ſat up late, and drank more wine than uſual. I felt my brain rather intoxicated, and ſoon fell into a profound ſleep, in which I continued till near eleven o'clock in the morning.

When I awoke, I was not ſurprized at finding myſelf alone, as Maria uſed to riſe early, and frequently walked in the Park before breakfaſt. I looked for my watch at the bed's-head, where it uſually hung, but could not find it; and upon opening the curtain, I ſaw my breeches lying on the floor, and the deſk, where my little *all* was depoſited, ſtanding wide open. I bounced up, in the utmoſt anxiety, without knowing what I had to apprehend. I hurried on my cloaths, and ran into the dining-room; I called Maria, but in vain; I flew back to the deſk, and found it empty; my cloaths, linen, every thing was gone, excepting thoſe that then covered me.

I ſtared wildly round me, and ſaw my ſword hanging up with a bit of paper pinned to it. I ſnatched it eagerly, and found theſe words of Parker's writing: "None but a coward wants the means of living, or dying, who has a ſword in his hand." I gazed alternately at the weapon and the words; and fear I ſhould have compleated my crimes, by uſing it according to the latter of Parker's hints, if the woman, in whoſe houſe we lodged, had not then tapped at the door. She came in without my ſpeaking, and the moment ſhe entered, I

cried out, Where is ſhe? and burſt into a fit of tears. She ſtood amazed; but proceeded to inform me, that as my Lady had diſcharged the lodgings, and carried away her trunks, ſhe hoped I would not take it ill if ſhe brought up a gentleman to ſee the apartments, who wanted to come into it immediately.

Without making her any reply, or knowing whither I was going, I ran down ſtairs, and ruſhed into the ſtreet. I walked, or rather flew, like a diſtracted wretch, for about two hours, without knowing where I was. At length I perceived the children laughing at me as I paſſed, and would have followed me if they had had ſufficient ſpeed. I then diſcovered that I had my night-cap on, and no hat. Trifling as this circumſtance was, in my ſituation, it recalled my recollection, and I determined to return to my lodging, and make every poſſible enquiry after my too fair, but faithleſs Maria.

It was now high noon, and the ſtreets crowded; I therefore ſought to find my way back, by the moſt unfrequented paths I could purſue, and got into every little Alley and Court that I ſaw, without conſidering their direction. By this means I ſuppoſe I walked above twelve miles; and in the evening found myſelf in the fields that lead to Marybone. As it grew duſk, I enquired my way to Suffolk-ſtreet. I was laughed at by ſome, and ſet wrong by others. However, I at laſt arrived at our lodging-houſe, about ten o'clock at night.

The

The maid-ſervant, who opened the door, told me, that her miſtreſs was not at home, and that our apartments were lett, the moment I left them, to a gentleman and his ſervant, and of courſe there was no room for me. I begged of her to admit me into the parlour, and allow me to ſit down, as I was quite exhauſted with fatigue, and had many queſtions to aſk her. She replied, that ſhe had not time to ſatisfy my enquiries; and that as I had thought proper to go off withour giving her any thing for her trouble, ſhe did not chuſe to be at any more upon my account; and bidding me good night, ſhut the door upon me.

I rapped again, and enquired for my hat. She told me, that whatever was left in the lodgings ſhe had always looked upon as her perquiſite, and that ſhe had ſold it to the gentleman's valet de chambre who lodged there, as ſhe ſuppoſed I was gone to France with the reſt of my company, and would never come back to aſk queſtions about ſuch an inſignificant article; and again ſhut the door in my face.

There could not poſſibly be, in the wildeſt deſarts, a perſon in a more forlorn ſtate, than that which I was reduced to; yet the paſſion I ſtili had for Maria, and the ſtrong reſentment which I felt towards Parker, rendered me almoſt inſenſible to my own miſeries, I continued to walk back and forward in the ſtreets, ſome times leaning againſt rails to ſupport my ſinking weight, while I was able to crawl along.

At length, quite ſubdued with weakneſs and fatigue, I ſat down on the ſteps of a door in the Hay-market, and covered my face with my hands, ſupporting them on my knees; unconſcious of the dangers I was expoſed to, from being found at midnight in ſuch a ſituation, and ſo thoroughly abſorbed in ſorrow, as even to be inſenſible to the preſſing calamities of cold and hunger.

I had not remained long in this place, when two females tripped up the ſteps and rapped gently at the door. My cloaths were of a dark colour, and I had contracted my form into ſo ſmall a compaſs, that they did not perceive me till the light, which the ſervant brought to the door, had rendered me viſible. Upon diſcovering me they gave a little ſcream, and one of them haſtily aſked, Who and what are you? I made no anſwer; but attempting to riſe, my ſtrength forſook me, and I ſunk down again to the earth.

Their fright was increaſed by this accident, and they ſuppoſed me wounded and dying; they brought the light nearer to my face, which was pale, wild, and bedewed with tears; and one of them exclaimed, What a pity it is he ſhould be killed! "Would to heaven (I anſwered) that were the caſe, but I have no outward wounds."

They whiſpered for a minute, and then came and jointly aſſiſted to raiſe me from the ground, almoſt by force, and brought me into the houſe. They were

both

both young and handſome; and by their dreſs and manner I eaſily perceived they were of that unfortunate claſs of women, whom the villainy of our ſex, and the *virtue* of their own, have excluded from the benefits of ſociety.

They chafed my hands, which were almoſt benumbed with cold, and forced me to accept of the only refreſhments they had to offer, which were, bread and a little brandy and water. They expreſſed an eager curioſity about my ſituation, which, however grateful I was for their kindneſs, I declined gratifying. After ſome little conſultation between themſelves, they told me they would take their maid to bed to them, and that I might, if I pleaſed, lye down on her's. I refuſed this offer, and only begged they would leave me a candle, and ſuffer me to remain where I was till day-break. They at length conſented to my requeſt, and retired.

I paſſed the night as I had done the day, in a ſtate of diſtraction; and waited as impatiently for the morning's dawn, as if I had hoped it would have brought a period to my miſery. I had laid myſelf acroſs ſome chairs to reſt my limbs, and notwithſtanding the tumult of my mind. I inſenſibly fell aſleep. About nine o'clock my kind, my gentle hoſteſſes awaked, and invited me to breakfaſt, which I accepted; and with many thanks for their hoſpitality, attempted to take my leave.

They

They reminded me of the particularity of my figure, my uncombed locks, foiled features, and bare head, and requeſted that I would let their ſervant call a chair or coach to convey me to my home, where they were ſure my abſence muſt have occaſioned infinite anxiety. I ſtarted at the name of Home, and anſwered, "Alas! I have no home; I am an out-caſt of ſociety!"

Upon which theſe generous unfortunates both at once exclaimed, "Accept of this then till you can find a better, and we will both protect and ſerve you." I was ſenſible of the higheſt gratitude towards theſe unhappy women, but could not be mean enough to accept of farther kindneſs from them, when I had not the leaſt hope of ever repaying thoſe I had already received.

I requeſted they would let their ſervant go and diſpoſe of my ſword, and purchaſe me a hat of the plaineſt and coarſeſt kind. They complied with my deſire, and the maid returned with her purchaſe, and two guineas and ſome ſilver in exchange. I inſtantly offered them half my wealth, for the trouble I had given them; but they peremptorily refuſed to receive any thing from me, and would not even ſuffer their ſervant to attend me to the door, for fear ſhe ſhould be leſs ſcrupelous.

I continued for ſeveral days to wander through the ſtreets of London, looking earneſtly into every carriage, ſhop,

ſhop, or window, where I ſaw a youthful female; but the beautiful, the elegant form of my Maria never again delighted my ſad eyes.

When quite worn-out with my fruitleſs purſuit, I ſometimes went into a chop-houſe in the evening, and called for bread and cheeſe and a pint of porter; for as I could form no ſcheme of obtaining a freſh ſupply, I endeavoured to huſband the little pittance I had left, in the fond hope of ſtill being able to diſcover the treaſure of my ſoul, and breathing out its laſt ſigh before her.

For ſuch was the love, confidence, and eſteem I bore her, that I was apt to ſuſpect my ſenſes whenever I heard or ſaw her ſpeak or act improperly; and even this ſtrong marked proceeding of her's raiſed but grief and aſtoniſhment in me at firſt; and to this moment I ſtill retain a belief or hope in my mind, that ſhe could never have been a willing accomplice in ſuch a villainy, and muſt have been betrayed from me by deceit, or hurried away by violence and ſurprize; ſo truly and ſo fondly does my heart ſtill doat upon her!

One day, when I had finiſhed my ſcanty meal, I happened to take up a News-paper which lay before me, and, among the articles from Ireland, ſaw myſelf deſcribed, and a reward offered to any perſon who ſhould give an account of me to my tender and diſconſolate mother, with a full aſſurance of perfect forgiveneſs and reconciliation if I would return. The tears guſhed

guſhed ſo plentifully from my eyes on reading this Advertiſement, that I was obliged to riſe and go out of the houſe with the utmoſt precipitation. As I walked along, almoſt loſt in thought, I was unfortunate enough to be involved in a crowd, who were attending a ballad-ſinger; and before I could extricate myſelf from it, my pockets were picked even of my laſt ſhilling.

I now determined that I would return, like the Prodigal, implore my mother's pardon, and intreat her to purchaſe me a commiſſion in ſome regiment that was ſtationed either in America or the Indies, where I was utterly unknown, and where I might have an opportunity of redeeming my character, or of laying down a life which was now become a burthen to me.

The next morning, as ſoon as the ſhops were open, I went into Monmouth-ſtreet, and parted with the cloaths I had on, in exchange for thoſe I now wear, and received ſeven ſhillings as the balance between them. With half this money I bought an additional ſhirt, and then ſet out on foot on my way to Ireland.

Near Highgate I overtook the waggoner whoſe priſoner I firſt appeared before you. At our that night's ſtage, he aſked me to partake of the ſupper that was provided for him and others of his fraternity. I then thought it a ſumptuous feaſt, but declined his offer, from my inability to pay my portion: I was, however, prevailed on to join in the meſs; and when I had

 diſcharged

diſcharged my part of the reckoning, in the morning I had but a ſingle ſhilling left. I then began to deſpair of proſecuting my journey, and was often tempted to lay myſelf down in ſome lonely ſpot, and never more attempt to riſe again.

The honeſt waggoner ſometimes ſhared his bread and cheeſe with me upon the road, and when he ſaw me faint with fatigue, would let me ride, while he walked by my ſide and converſed with me. In theſe converſations he boaſted ſo much of his ſubſtance and independance, that I at laſt ventured to requeſt he would lend me a couple of guineas to carry me over to Dublin. This he refuſed; but it did not abate his kindneſs towards me, notwithſtanding; for at the laſt night's ſtage he inſiſted on my ſupping with him, at free coſt, which I did.

When we lay down to reſt, I began to ruminate on my miſerable ſituation; I knew I was next day to part with this man, who had prevented my periſhing for the preceding week; I felt every honeſt and grateful ſentiment for his kindneſs; even looked upon him as my friend; and yet was tempted to commit the theft with which I am charged, and for which I ſhall willingly ſuffer the death I have ſo juſtly deſerved.

As ſoon as I had taken the money, I fled, as if purſued by millions; but, alas! I could not fly from my own thoughts! I loaded myſelf with abuſe, and ſounded the words, *ungrateful Villain!* a thouſand

times to my own ears. In ſhort, no longer able to endure my own reproaches, I determined to return and reſtore the money, as I found the idea even of periſhing for want leſs painful than what I ſuffered from my ſelf-conviction.

The reſt of my ſtory, Sir, you are already acquainted with; but remember, that your humanity in ſeeming intereſted in my diſtreſs, and not a mean and contemptible view or deſire of prolonging my wretched life, has drawn forth the recital of its misfortunes and miſeries; and my ſole requeſt now is, that you will conceal my name and family, and ſuffer me to be tried, and take my fate by the name, I have upon this occaſion aſſumed, of Martin."

Mr. S——le ſaid every thing that was poſſible to relieve the priſoner's mind, and quitted him, for that night, after giving orders that he ſhould be releaſed from his irons, and ſupplied with every neceſſary of life at his expence. The next morning he ſent for the waggoner, who ſeemed to lament his being bound to proſecute the youth, and ſaid, "He had not a wink of ſleep about him all night, and that as how he ſhould loſe twice the value of his recognizance in being detained by the ſeſſions and ſizes; and declared he would rather forfeit his ſurety, if no other evil could come of it, than ſtay to hang the lad."

This favourable diſpoſition in the waggoner was fondly cheriſhed by my humane friend, who told him that

that the worſt he had to apprehend was the mulct; that fines were often reduced, upon conſideration of circumſtances; that he would ſpeak to the point himſelf and take the proper care of him in his abſence. Thus did this moſt excellent Magiſtrate act in this buſineſs, as Providence is ſometimes ſaid to do in other caſes, by leading ſecond cauſes ſo to operate as to effect its purpoſes, without any manner of conſtraint upon free-will.

This had its deſired end; for Dobbin went whiſtling back with his team to London the next day, and did not return to Liverpool till after the aſſizes, when the young man was acquitted, as no proſecutor appeared; and on his being diſcharged from confinement, he was immediately taken home to Mr. S——le's houſe.

I ſhall not take up the reader's time with a deſcription of poor Hartford's expreſſions of gratitude to his humane patron; they were, as they ought to be, without bounds; and Mr. S——le ſeemed reſolved to make his goodneſs to him ſo likewiſe; for he thought the ſaving of his life but half a kindneſs, unleſs he ſhould provide him with ſuch means of ſubſiſtence as might prevent his neceſſities from involving him again in ſome other guilt or danger of the ſame kind.

He had him immediately compleatly cloathed, and having, by a little hymn he compoſed in his confinement, and ſent to Mr. S——le, found out that he wrote a good hand, he took him into his compting-

houſe, one morning, as one of his clerks; and placing him at a deſk, deſired that his firſt act there ſhould be to write a penitential letter to his mother, intreat her forgiveneſs, and give her an account of his preſent ſituation, but without affording the leaſt hint of the unhappy circumſtance which had led to this event.

The young man's behaviour and expreſſions upon this occaſion, were remarkable and affecting. He firſt ſtood for near a minute without the leaſt motion, them attempted twice to ſpeak, but could not utter a ſyllable, till after the more copious language of tears had firſt expreſſed his grateful feelings; next throwing himſelf at his feet, prayed fervently for bleſſings on his generous benefactor, but, at the ſame time, moſt earneſtly begged leave to decline his proffered kindneſs.

"I do not, in the leaſt, ſuſpect myſelf," ſaid he, "notwithſtanding my late misfortunes, but I ſhall be ſuſpected by others; at leaſt, my being ſtationed in this office, may afford too great a latitude to the other perſons intruſted in it along with me, as their frauds might ſo obviouſly be imputable to me; and though ever ſo honeſt in my own actions, others might poſſibly be tempted too far, upon the preſumption of ſcreening their treſpaſſes behind my unhapppy forfeit character."

The good ſenſe, prudence, and virtue of the young man's reflection charmed Mr. S——le, and he therefore accepted of his apology; but deſired that he would remain ſtill in his houſe, as a friend and gueſt, till he ſhould

ſhould receive an anſwer from his mother, with her forgiveneſs and concurrence in the ſcheme he had before purpoſed, as already related, of raiſing a ſum on the family patrimony to purchaſe him a commiſſion abroad.

But while this matter was depending, Mr. S——le happened to freight a ſhip for Jamaica; and in order to give Hartford ſome employment in the interem, offered to ſend him out his ſupercargo for that venture; adding, that his principal reaſon for it, was to give him an opportunity of reconciling him to himſelf, by recovering his own confidence and eſteem again, by a faithful diſcharge of his truſt.

This kindneſs the joyful Hartford moſt readily accepted of; as the objections he had before made to the acting jointly with others, in the office and warehouſe buſineſs, were obviated in this caſe. "For in this truſt," ſaid he, "I ſtand alone, and ſhall be anſwerable only for my own conduct; and I have, thank God, and your favour, Sir, already recovered a confidence in myſelf; but ſhall, alas! never be able to regain my own eſteem, after the baſeneſs of that act which has ſo juſtly forfeited it to my mind for ever!"

I am heartily ſorry to be obliged to cloſe my Narrative here, with an account of this poor unhappy young man's death; which happened ſoon after his arrival at Jamaica. He was ill when he ſet ſail; the emotions of his mind had been too ſtrong for the con-

ſtitution of his body; he was endued with ſuch a tenderneſs of ſoul, that I dare ſay the kindneſs of Mr. S——le affected him almoſt as much as his misfortune and had he been tranſported for the fact, it is my opinion he might have been ſtill alive.

He fell into a conſumption at ſea, and died in the Iſland the day after he had delivered over the cargo according to its conſignment; ſpending his laſt moments in bleſſing the generous inſtrument of Providence, who had ſaved a valuable ſoul from death, though unable to preſerve a worthleſs body from the grave.

The reader, I hope, will indulge me in one reflection here upon the ſubject: This young man appears to have been endowed with a moſt excellent nature, in his firſt principles; but not having reſolution or firmneſs ſufficient to withſtand both paſſion and example, he was led into error more through weakneſs than vice. And there is no maxim more certain than this, That it is the *companion*, and not the *preceptor*, which is the moſt ſovereign guide of youth.

## OF COLUMBUS,

### AND THE

## DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

[VOLTAIRE.]

IT is to the diſcoveries of the Portugueſe in the old world, that we are indebted for the new; if we may call the conqueſt of America an obligation, which proved

proved ſo fatal to its inhabitants, and at times to the conquerors themſelves.

This was doubtleſs the moſt important event that ever happened on our globe, one half of which had been hitherto ſtrangers to the other. Whatever had been eſteemed moſt great or noble before, ſeemed abſorbed in this kind of new creation. We ſtill mention with reſpectful admiration, the names of the Argonauts, who did not perform the hundredth part of what was done by the ſailors under Gama and Albuquerque. How many altars would have been raiſed by the ancients to a Greek, who had diſcovered America! and yet Bartholomew and Chriſtopher Columbus were not thus rewarded.

Columbus, ſtruck with the wonderful expeditions of the Portugueſe, imagined that ſomething might be done; and from a bare inſpection of the map of our world, concluded that there muſt be another, which might be found by ſailing always weſt. He had courage equal to his genius, or indeed ſuperior, ſeeing he had to ſtruggle with the prejudices of his contemporaries, and the repulſes of ſeveral princes to whom he tendered his ſervices. Genoa, which was his native country, treated his ſchemes as viſionary, and by that means loſt the only opportunity that could have offered of aggrandizing her power. Henry VII. king of England, who was too greedy of money to hazard any on this noble attempt, would not liſten to the propoſals made by Columbus's brother; and Columbus himſelf

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was rejected by John II. of Portugal, whose attention was wholly employed upon the coast of Africa. He had no prospect of success in applying to the French, whose marine lay totally neglected, and their affairs more confused than ever, during the minority of Charles VIII. The emperor Maximilian had neither ports for shipping, money to fit out a fleet, nor sufficient courage to engage in a scheme of this nature. The Venetians, indeed, might have undertaken it; but whether the natural aversion of the Genoese to these people would not suffer Columbus to apply to the rivals of his country, or that the Venetians had no idea of any thing more important than the trade they carried on from Alexandria and in the Levant, Columbus at length fixed all his hopes on the court of Spain.

Ferdinand, king of Arragon, and Isabella, queen of Castile, had by their marriage united all Spain under one dominion, excepting only the kingdom of Grenada, which was still in the possession of the Moors; but which Ferdinand soon after took from them. The union of these two princes had prepared the way for the greatness of Spain; which was afterwards begun by Columbus; he was however obliged to undergo eight years of incessant application, before Isabella's court would consent to accept of the inestimable benefit this great man offered it. The bane of all great projects is the want of money. The Spanish court

court was poor; and the prior, Perez, and two merchants, named Pinzono, were obliged to advance ſeventeen thouſand ducats towards fitting out the armament. Columbus procured a patent from the court, and at length ſet ſail from the port of Palos in Andaluſia, with three ſhips, on Auguſt 23. in the year 1492.

It was not above a month after his departnre from the Canary iſlands, where he had come to an anchor to get refreſhment, when Columbus diſcovered the firſt iſland in America; and during this ſhort run he ſuffered more from the murmurings and diſcontent of the people of his fleet, than he had done even from the refuſals of the princes he had applied to. This iſland, which he diſcovered, and named St. Salvador, lies about a thouſand leagues from the Canaries; preſently after, he likewiſe diſcovered the Lucayan iſlands, together with thoſe of Cuba and Hiſpaniola, now called St. Domingo.

Ferdinand and Iſabella were in the utmoſt ſurprize to ſee him return, at the end of nine months, with ſome of the American natives of Hiſpaniola, ſeveral rarities from that country, and a quantity of gold, with which he preſented their majeſties.

The king and queen made him ſit down in their preſence, covered like a grandee of Spain, and created him high admiral and viceroy of the new world. Columbus was now every where looked upon as an extraordinary perſon ſent from heaven. Every one

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was vying who ſhould be foremoſt in aſſiſting him in his undertakings and embarking under his command. He ſoon ſet ſail again, with a fleet of ſeventeen ſhips. He now made the diſcovery of ſeveral other new iſlands, particularly the Carribbees and Jamaica. Doubt had been changed into admiration on his firſt voyage; in this, admiration was turned into envy.

He was admiral and viceroy, and to theſe titles might have been added that of the benefactor of Ferdinand and Iſabella. Nevertheleſs, he was brought home priſoner to Spain, by judges who had been purpoſely ſent out on board to obſerve his conduct. As ſoon as it was known that Columbus was arrived, the people ran in ſhoals to meet him, as the guardian genius of Spain. Columbus was brought from the ſhip, and appeared on ſhore chained hands and feet.

He had been thus treated by the orders of Fonſeca, biſhop of Burgos, the intendant of the expedition, whoſe ingratitude was as great as the other's ſervices. Iſabella was aſhamed of what ſhe ſaw, and did all in her power to make Columbus amends for the injuries done to him: however, he was not ſuffered to depart for four years, either becauſe they feared that he would ſeize upon what he had diſcovered for himſelf, or that they were willing to have time to obſerve his behaviour. At length he was ſent on another voyage to the new world; and now it was, that he diſcovered the continent, at ſix degrees diſtance from the equator, and

and ſaw that part of the coaſt on which Carthagena has been ſince built.

At the time that Columbus firſt promiſed a new hemiſphere, it was inſiſted upon that no ſuch hemiſphere could exiſt; and after he had made the actual diſcovery of it, it was pretended that it had been known long before. I ſhall not mention one Martin Behem, of Nuremberg, who, it is ſaid, went from that city to the ſtraits of Magellan in 1460, with a patent from the Duchеſs of Burgundy, who, as ſhe was not alive at that time, could not iſſue patents. Nor ſhall I take notice of the pretended charts of this Martin Behem, which are ſtill ſhewn; nor of the evident contradictions which diſcredit this ſtory: but, in ſhort, it was not pretended that Martin Behem had peopled America; the honour was given to the Carthaginians, and a book of Ariſtotle was quoted on the occaſion, which he never wrote. Some found out a conformity between ſome words in the Caribbee and Hebrew languages, and did not fail to follow ſo fine an opening. Others were poſitive that the children of Noah, after ſettling in Siberia, paſſed from thence over to Canada on the ice; and that their deſcendants, afterwards born in Canada, had gone and peopled Peru. According to others again, the Chineſe and Japaneſe ſent colonies into America, and carried over lions with them for their diverſion, though there are no lions either in China or Japan. In this manner have many learned men

men argued upon the diſcoveries made by men of genius. If it ſhould be aſked, how men firſt came upon the continent of America? is it not eaſily anſwered, that they were placed there by the ſame Power who cauſes trees and graſs to grow?

The reply which Columbus made to ſome of thoſe who envied him the high reputation he had gained, is ſtill famous. Theſe people pretended that nothing could be more eaſy than the diſcoveries he had made; upon which he propoſed to them to ſet an egg upright on one of its ends; but when they had tried in vain to do it, he broke one end of the egg, and ſet it upright with eaſe. They told him any one could do that: How comes it then, replied Columbus, that not one among you thought of it? — This ſtory is related of Brunelleſchi, who improved architecture at Florence many years before Columbus was born. Moſt bon mots are only the repetition of things that have been ſaid before.

The aſhes of Columbus cannot be affected by the reputation he gained while living, in having doubled for us the works of the creation. But mankind delight to do juſtice to the illuſtrious dead, either from a vain hope that they enhance thereby the merit of the living, or that they are naturally fond of truth. Americo Veſpucci, whom we call Americus Veſpuſius, a merchant of Florence, had the honour of giving his name to this new half of the globe, in which he did

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not poſſeſs one acre of land, and pretended to be the firſt who diſcovered the continent. But ſuppoſing it true, that he was the firſt diſcoverer, the glory was certainly due to him, who had the penetration and courage to undertake and perform the firſt voyage. Honour, as Newton ſays in his diſpute with Leibnitz, is due only to the firſt inventor; thoſe that follow after are only his ſcholars. Columbus had made three voyages, as admiral and viceroy, five years before Americus Veſpuſius had made one as a geographer, under the command of admiral Ojeda; but this latter writing to his friends at Florence, that he had diſcovered a new world, they believed him on his word; and the citizens of Florence decreed, that a grand illumination ſhould be made before the door of his houſe every three years, on the feaſt of All Saints. And yet could this man be ſaid to deſerve any honours, for happening to be on board a fleet that, in 1489, ſailed along the coaſt of Brazil, when Columbus had, five years before, pointed out the way to the reſt of the world.

There has lately appeared at Florence a life of this Americus Veſpuſius, which ſeems to be written with very little regard to truth, and without any concluſive reaſoning. Several French authors are there complained of, who have done juſtice to Columbus's merit; but the writer ſhould not have fallen upon the French authors, but on the Spaniſh, who were the firſt that

did this juſtice. This writer ſays, that "he will confound the vanity of the French nation, who have always attacked with impunity the honour and ſucceſs of the Italian nation." What vanity can there be in ſaying, that it was a Genoeſe who firſt diſcovered America? or how is the honour of the Italian nation injured in owning, that it was to an Italian, born in Genoa, that we are indebted for the new world? I purpoſely remark this want of equity, good-breeding, and good-ſenſe, as we have too many examples of it and I muſt ſay, that the good French writers have in general been the leaſt guilty of this inſufferable fault; and one great reaſon of their being ſo univerſally read throughout Europe, is their doing juſtice to all nations.

The inhabitants of theſe iſlands, and of the continent, were a new race of men. They were all without beards, and were as much aſtoniſhed at the faces of the Spaniards, as they were at their ſhips and artillery: they at firſt looked upon theſe new viſitors as monſters or gods, who had come out of the ſky or the ſea. Theſe voyages, and thoſe of the Portugueſe, had now taught us how inconſiderable a ſpot of the globe our Europe was, and what an aſtoniſhing variety reigns in the world. Indoſtan was known to be inhabited by a race of men whoſe complexions were yellow. In Africa and Aſia, at ſome diſtance from the equator, there had been found ſeveral kinds of black men; and after travellers had penetrated into America as far as the line, they

they met with a race of people who were tolerably white. The natives of Brazil are of the colour of bronze. The Chineſe ſtill appear to differ entirely from the reſt of mankind, in the make of their eyes and noſes. But what is ſtill to be remarked is, that into whatſoever regions theſe various races are tranſplanted, their complexions never change, unleſs they mingle with the natives of the country. The mucous membrane of the negroes, which is known to be of a black colour, is a manifeſt proof that there is a differential principle in each ſpecies of men, as well as plants.

Dependant upon this principle, nature has formed the different degrees of genius, and the characters of nations, which are ſeldom known to change. Hence the negroes are ſlaves to other men, and are purchaſed on the coaſt of Africa, like beaſts, for a ſum of money; and the vaſt multitudes of negroes tranſplanted into our American colonies, ſerve as ſlaves under a very inconſiderable number of Europeans. Experience has likewiſe taught us how great a ſuperiority the Europeans have over the Americans, who are every where eaſily overcome, and have not dared to attempt a revolution, though a thouſand to one ſuperior in numbers.

This part of America was alſo remarkable on account of its animals and plants, which are not to be found in the other three parts of the world, and which are of ſo great uſe to us. Horſes, corn of all kinds,

and iron, were not wanting in Mexico and Peru; and among the many valuable commodities unknown to the old world, cochineal was the principal, and was brought us from this country. Its uſe in dying has now made us forget the ſcarlet, which for time immemorial had been the only thing known for giving a fine red colour.

The importation of cochineal was ſoon ſucceeded by that of indigo, cacao, vanille, and thoſe woods which ſerve for ornament and medicinal purpoſes, particularly the quinquina, or jeſuits bark, which is the only ſpecific againſt intermitting fevers. Nature has placed this remedy in the mountains of Peru, whilſt ſhe had diſperſed the diſeaſe it cured through all the reſt of the world. This new continent likewiſe furniſhed pearls, coloured ſtones, and diamonds.

It is certain, that America at preſent furniſhes the meaneſt citizen of Europe with his conveniences and pleaſures. The gold and ſilver mines, at their firſt diſcovery, were of ſervice only to the kings of Spain and the merchants; the reſt of the world was impoveriſhed by them, for the great multitudes who did not follow buſineſs, found themſelves poſſeſſed of a very ſmall quantity of ſpecie, in compariſon with the immenſe ſums accumulated by thoſe, who had the advantage of the firſt diſcoveries. But by degrees, the great quantity of gold and ſilver which was ſent from America, was diſperſed throughout all Europe, and by paſſing

paſſing into a number of hands, the diſtribution is become more equal. The price of commodities is likewiſe increaſed in Europe, in proportion to the increaſe of ſpecie.

To comprehend how the treaſures of America paſſed from the poſſeſſion of the Spaniards into that of other nations, it will be ſufficient to conſider theſe two things: the uſe which Charles V. and Philip II. made of their money; and the manner in which other nations acquired a ſhare in the wealth of Peru.

The emperor Charles V. who was always travelling, and always at war, neceſſarily diſperſed a great quantity of that ſpecie which he received from Mexico and Peru, through Germany and Italy. When he ſent his ſon Philip over to England, to marry queen Mary, and take upon him the title of King of England, that prince depoſited in the tower of London twenty-ſeven large cheſts of ſilver in bars, and an hundred horſe-loads of gold and ſilver coin. The troubles in Flanders, and the intrigues of the league in France, coſt this Philip, according to his own confeſſion, above three thouſand millions of livres of our money.

The manner in which the gold and ſilver of Peru is diſtributed amongſt all the people of Europe, and from thence is ſent to the Eaſt-Indies, is a ſurpriſing, though well-known circumſtance. By a ſtrict law enacted by Ferdinand and Iſabella, and afterwards confirmed by Charles V. and all the kings of Spain, all other nations

were not only excluded the entrance into any of the ports in Spaniſh America, but likewiſe from having the leaſt ſhare, directly or indirectly, in the trade of that part of the world. One would have imagined, that this law would have enabled the Spaniards to ſubdue all Europe; and yet Spain ſubſiſts only by the continual violation of this very law. It can hardly furniſh exports for America to the value of four millions; whereas the reſt of Europe ſometimes ſend over merchandize to the amount of near fifty millions. This prodigious trade of the nations at enmity or in alliance with Spain, is carried on by the Spaniards themſelves, who are always faithful in their dealings with individuals, and always cheating their king. The Spaniards gave no ſecurity to foreign merchants for the performance of their contracts; a mutual credit, without which there never could have been any commerce, ſupplies the place of other obligations.

The manner in which the Spaniards for a long time conſigned the gold and ſilver to foreigners, which was brought home by their galleons, was ſtill more ſurpriſing. The Spaniard, who at Cadiz is properly factor for the foreigner, delivered the bullion he received to the care of certain bravoes, called Meteors: theſe, armed with piſtols at their belt, and a long ſword, carried the bullion in parcels properly marked, to the ramparts, and flung them over to other Meteors, who waited below, and carried them to the boats which

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were to receive them, and these boats carried them on board the ships in the road. These Meteors and the factors, together with the commissaries and the guards, who never disturbed them, had each a stated fee, and the foreign merchant was never cheated. The king, who received a duty upon this money at the arrival of the galleons, was likewise a gainer; so that, properly speaking, the law only was cheated; a law which would be absolutely useless if not eluded, and which nevertheless, cannot yet be abrogated, because old prejudices are always the most difficult to be overcome amongst men.

The greatest instance of the violation of this law, and of the fidelity of the Spaniards, was in the year 1684, when war was declared between France and Spain. His catholic majesty endeavoured to seize upon the effects of all the French in his kingdom; but he in vain issued edicts and admonitions, inquiries and excommunications; not a single Spanish factor would betray his French correspondent. This fidelity, which does so much honour to the Spanish nation, plainly shews, that men only willingly obey those laws, which they themselves have made for the good of society, and that those which are the mere effects of a sovereign's will, always meet with opppoſition.

As the discovery of America was at first the source of much good to the Spaniards, it afterwards occasioned them many and considerable evils. One has been, the depriving

depriving that kingdom of its ſubjects, by the great numbers neceſſarily required to people the colonies: another was, the infecting the world with a diſeaſe, which was before known only in the new world, and particularly in the iſland of Hiſpaniola. Several of the companions of Chriſtopher Columbus returned home infected with this contagion, which afterwards ſpread over Europe. It is certain, that this poiſon, which taints the ſprings of life, was peculiar to America, as the plague and the ſmall-pox were diſeaſes originally endemial to the ſouthern parts of Numidia. We are not to believe, that the eating of human fleſh, practiſed by ſome of the American ſavages, occaſioned this diſorder. There were no cannibals on the iſland of Hiſpaniola, where it was moſt frequent and inveterate, neither are we to ſuppoſe with ſome, that it proceeded from too great an exceſs of ſenſual pleaſures. Nature had never puniſhed exceſſes of this kind with ſuch diſorders in the world; and even to this day, we find that a momentary indulgence, which has been paſſed for eight or ten years, may bring this cruel and ſhameful ſcourge upon the chaſteſt union.

The great Columbus, after having built ſeveral houſes on theſe iſlands, and diſcovered the continent, returned to Spain, where he enjoyed a reputation unſullied by rapine or cruelty, and died at Valladolid in 1506. But the governors of Cuba and Hiſpaniola, who ſucceeded him, being perſuaded that theſe provinces furniſhed gold, reſolved to make the diſcovery

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at the price of the lives of the inhabitants. In ſhort, whether they thought the natives had conceived an implacable hatred to them; or that they were apprehenſive of their ſuperior numbers; or that the rage of ſlaughter, when once begun, knows no bounds, they in the ſpace of a few years entirely depopulated Hiſpaniola and Cuba, the former of which contained three millions of inhabitants, and the latter above ſix hundred thouſand.

Bartholomew de la Caſas, biſhop of Chiapa, who was an eye-witneſs to theſe deſolations, relates, that they hunted down the natives with dogs. Theſe wretched ſavages, almoſt naked and without arms, were purſued like wild beaſts in the foreſts, devoured alive by dogs, ſhot to death, or ſurpriſed and burnt in their habitations.

He farther declares, from occular teſtimony, that they frequently cauſed a number of theſe miſerable wretches to be ſummoned by a prieſt to come in, and ſubmit to the Chriſtian religion, and to the king of Spain; and that after this ceremony, which was only an additional act of injuſtice, they put them to death without the leaſt remorſe. — I believe that De la Caſas has exaggerated in many parts of his relation; but, allowing him to have ſaid ten times more than is truth, there remains enough to make us ſhudder with horror.

It may ſeem ſurpriſing, that this maſſacre of a whole race of men could have been carried on in the ſight, and under

under the adminiſtration of ſeveral religious of the order of St. Jerome; for we know that Cardinal Ximenes, who was prime miniſter of Caſtile before the time of Charles V. ſent over four monks of this order, in quality of preſidents of the royal council of the iſland. Doubtleſs they were not able to reſiſt the torrent; and the hatred of the natives to their new maſters, being with juſt reaſon become implacable, rendered their deſtruction unhappily neceſſary.

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THE

## PRIVATE LIFE OF ÆMILIUS SCIPIO.

[ROLLIN.]

THE taking of Numantia, which terminated a war that diſgraced the Roman name, completed Scipio's military exploits. But, in order to have a more perfect idea of his merit and character, it ſeems that, after having ſeen him at the head of armies, in the tumult of battles, and in the pomp of triumphs, it will not be loſt labour to conſider him in the repoſe of a private life, in the midſt of his friends, family, and houſehold. The truly great man ought to be ſo in all things. The magiſtrate, general, and prince, may conſtrain themſelves, whilſt they are in a manner exhibiting themſelves as ſpectacles to the public, and appear quite different from what they really are. But reduced to themſelves, and without the witneſſes who force them to wear the maſk, all their luſtre, like the pomp of the theatre,

theatre, often abandons them, and leaves little more to be ſeen in them than meanneſs and narrowneſs of mind.

Scipio did not depart from himſelf in any reſpect. He was not like certain paintings, that are to be ſeen only at a diſtance: he could not but gain by a nearer view. The excellent education which he had had, through the care of his father Paulus Æmilius, who had provided him with the moſt learned maſters of thoſe times, as well in polite learning as the ſciences; and the inſtructions he had received from Polybius, enabled him to fill up the vacant hours he had from public affairs profitably, and to ſupport the leiſure of a private life, with pleaſure and dignity. This is the glorious teſtimony given of him by an hiſtorian: "Nobody knew better how to mingle leiſure and action, nor to uſe the intervals of reſt from public buſineſs with more elegance and taſte. Divided between arms and books, between the military labours of the camp, and the peaceful occupations of the cloſet, he either exerciſed his body in the dangers and fatigues of war, or his mind in the ſtudy of the ſciences*."

The firſt Scipio Africanus uſed to ſay, That he was never leſs idle, than when at leiſure, nor leſs alone, than when alone. A fine ſaying, cries Cicero, and well worthy of that great man. And it ſhews that, even when inactive, he was always employed; and that when alone, he knew how to converſe with himſelf. A very extraordinary diſpoſition in perſons accuſtomed

* *Velleius Paterculus.*

cuſtomed to motion and agitation, whom leiſure and ſolitude, when they are reduced to them, plunge into a diſguſt for every thing, and fill with melancholy; ſo that they are diſpleaſed in every thing with themſelves, and ſink under the heavy burden of having nothing to do. This ſaying of the firſt Scipio ſeems to me to ſuit the ſecond ſtill better, who having the advantage of the other by being educated in a taſte for polite learning and the ſciences, found in that a great reſource againſt the inconvenience of which we have been ſpeaking. Beſides which, having uſually Polybius and Panætius with him, even in the field, it is eaſy to judge that his houſe was open, in times of peace, to all the learned. Every body knows, that the comedies of Terence, the moſt accompliſhed work of that kind Rome ever produced, for natural elegance and beauties, are aſcribed to him and Lælius, of whom we ſhall ſoon ſpeak. It was publicly enough reported, that they aſſiſted that poet in the compoſition of his pieces; and Terence himſelf makes it an honour to him in the prologue to the Adelphi. I ſhall undoubtedly not adviſe any body, and leaſt of all perſons of Scipio's rank, to write comedies. But on this occaſion, let us only conſider taſte in general for letters. Is there a more ingenuous, a more affecting pleaſure, and one more worthy of a wiſe and virtuous man, I might perhaps add, or one more neceſſary to a military perſon, than that which reſults from reading works of wit, and from the converſation

verſation of the learned? Providence thought fit, according to the obſervation of a Pagan, that he ſhould be above thoſe trivial pleaſures, to which perſons without letters, knowledge, curioſity, and taſte for reading, are obliged to give themſelves up.

Another kind of pleaſure, ſtill more ſenſible, more warm, more natural, and more implanted in the heart of man, conſtituted the greateſt felicity of Scipio's life; this was that of friendſhip; a pleaſure ſeldom known by great perſons or princes, becauſe, generally loving only themſelves, they do not deſerve to have friends. However, this is the moſt grateful tie of human ſociety; ſo that the poet Ennius ſays with great reaſon, that to live without friends is not to live. Scipio had undoubtedly a great number of them, and thoſe very illuſtrious: but I ſhall ſpeak here only of Lælius, whoſe probity and prudence acquired him the ſurname of the Wiſe.

Never, perhaps, were two friends better ſuited to each other than thoſe great men. They were almoſt of the ſame age, and had the ſame inclination, benevolence of mind, taſte for learning of all kinds, principles of government, zeal for the public good. Scipio, no doubt, took place in point of military glory; but Lælius did not want merit of that kind; and Cicero tells us, that he ſignalized himſelf very much in the war with Viriathus. As to the talents of the mind, the ſuperiority, in reſpect of eloquence, ſeems to have

been given to Lælius; though Cicero does not agree that it was due to him, and ſays, that Lælius's ſtyle favoured more of the ancient manner, and had ſomething leſs agreeable in it than that of Scipio.

Let us hear Lælius himſelf (that is, the words Cicero puts into his mouth) upon the ſtrict union which ſubſiſted between Scipio and him. "As for me," ſays Lælius, "of all the gifts of nature or fortune, there are none, I think, comparable to the happineſs of having Scipio for my friend. I found in our friendſhip a perfect conformity of ſentiments in reſpect to public affairs; an inexhauſtable fund of counſels and ſupports in private life; with a tranquility and delight not to be expreſſed. I never gave Scipio the leaſt offence, to my knowledge, nor ever heard a word eſcape him that did not pleaſe me. We had but one houſe, and one table at our common expence, the frugality of which was equally the taſte of both. In war, in travelling, in the country, we were always together. I do not mention our ſtudies, and the attention of us both always to learn ſomething; this was the employment of all our leiſure hours, removed from the ſight and commerce of the world."

Is there any thing comparable to a friendſhip like that which Lælius has juſt deſcribed? What a conſolation is it to have a ſecond ſelf, to whom we have nothing ſecret, and in whoſe heart we may pour out our

our own with perfect effusion! Could we taste prosperity so sensibly, if we had no one to share in our joy with us? And what a relief is it in adversity, and the accidents of life, to have a friend still more affected with them than ourselves! What highly exalts the value of the friendship we speak of, was its not being founded at all upon interest, but solely upon esteem for each other's virtues. "What occasion," says Lælius, "could Scipio have of me? Undoubtedly none; nor I of him. But my attachment to him was the effect of my high esteem and admiration of his virtues; and his to me arose from the favourable idea of my character and manners. This friendship increased afterwards upon both sides, by habit and commerce. We both, indeed, derived great advantages from it; but those were not our view, when we began to love each other."

I cannot place the famous embassy of Scipio Africanus into the East and Egypt, better than here: we shall see the same taste of simplicity and modesty, as we have just been representing in his private life, shine out in it. It was a maxim with the Romans, frequently to send ambassadors to their allies, to take cognizance of their affairs, and to accommodate their differences. It was with this view that three illustrious persons, P. Scipio Africanus, Sp. Mummius, and L. Metellus, were sent into Egypt, where Ptolemy Physcon then

reigned, the moſt cruel tyrant mentioned in hiſtory. They had orders to go from thence to Syria, which the indolence, and afterwards the captivity of Demetrius Nicanor amongſt the Parthians, made a prey to troubles, factions, and revolts. They were next to viſit Aſia Minor, and Greece; to inſpect into the affairs of thoſe countries; to inquire in what manner the treaties made with the Romans were obſerved; and to remedy, as far as poſſible, all the diſorders that ſhould come to their knowledge. They acquitted themſelves with ſo much equity, wiſdom, and ability, and did ſuch great ſervices to thoſe to whom they were ſent, in re-eſtabliſhing order amongſt them, and in accommodating their differences, that, when they returned to Rome, ambaſſadors arrived there from all the parts in which they had been, to thank the ſenate for having ſent perſons of ſuch great merit to them, whoſe wiſdom and goodneſs they could not ſufficiently commend.

The firſt place to which they went, according to their inſtructions, was Alexandria. The king received them with great magnificence. As for them, they affected it ſo little, that at their entry, Scipio, who was the richeſt and moſt powerful perſon of Rome, had only one friend, the Philoſopher Panætius, with him and five domeſtics. His victories, ſays an ancient writer, and not his attendants, were conſidered; and

his

his perſonal virtues and qualities were eſteemed in him, and not the glitter of gold and ſilver.

Though, during their whole ſtay in Egypt, the king cauſed their table to be covered with the moſt exquiſite proviſions of every kind, they never touched any but the moſt ſimple and common, deſpiſing all the reſt, which only ſerve to ſoften the mind and enervate the body.—But, on ſuch occaſions, ought not the ambaſſadors of ſo powerful a ſtate as Rome to have ſuſtained its reputation of majeſty in a foreign nation, by appearing in public with a numerous train and magnificent equipages? This was not the taſte of the Romans, that is, of the people that, among all the nations of the earth, thought the moſt juſtly of true greatneſs and ſolid glory.

## ROMULUS TO THE PEOPLE OF ROME,

### AFTER BUILDING THE CITY.

[HOOKE.]

IF all the ſtrength of cities lay in the height of their ramparts, or the depth of their ditches, we ſhould have great reaſon to be in fear for that which we have now built. But are there in reality any walls too high to be ſcaled by a valiant enemy? and of what uſe are ramparts in inteſtine diviſions? They may ſerve for a defence againſt ſudden incurſions from abroad; but it

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is by courage and prudence chiefly, that the invaſions of foreign enemies are repelled; and by unanimity, ſobriety, and juſtice, that domeſtic ſeditions are prevented. Cities fortified by the ſtrongeſt bulwarks have been often ſeen to yield to force from without, or to tumults from within. An exact military diſcipline, and a ſteady obſervance of civil polity, are the ſureſt barriers againſt theſe evils.

But there is ſtill another point of great importance to be conſidered. The proſperity of ſome riſing colonies, and the ſpeedy ruin of others, have in a great meaſure been owing to their form of government Were there but one manner of ruling ſtates and cities that could make them happy, the choice would not be difficult; but I have learnt, that of the various forms of government among the Greeks and Barbarians, there are three which are highly extolled by thoſe who have experienced them; and yet, that no one of theſe is in all reſpects perfect, but each of them has ſome innate and incurable defect. Chuſe you, then, in what manner this city ſhall be governed. Shall it be by one man? ſhall it be by a ſelect number of the wiſeſt among us? or ſhall the legiſlative power be in the people? As for me, I ſhall ſubmit to whatever form of adminiſtration you ſhall pleaſe to eſtabliſh. As I think myſelf not unworthy to command, ſo neither am I unwilling to obey. Your having choſen me to be the leader of this colony, and your calling the city

after

after my name, are honours ſufficient to content me; honours of which, living or dead, I never can be deprived.

## ON HUMAN GRANDEUR.

[GOLDSMITH.]

AN alehouſe-keeper near Iſlington, who had long lived at the ſign of the French King, upon the commencement of the laſt war pulled down his old ſign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden ſceptre, he continued to ſell ale, till ſhe was no longer the favourite of his cuſtomers; he changed her, therefore, ſome time ago, for the King of Pruſſia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that ſhall be ſet up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have ſufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who ſeldom holds his ſtation long; for the mob are ever pleaſed with variety,

I muſt own I have ſuch an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to ſuſpect that merit which raiſes their ſhout: at leaſt I am certain to find thoſe great, and ſometimes good men, who find ſatisfaction in ſuch acclamations, made worſe by it; and hiſtory has

has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been juſt evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townſmen buſy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been deſigned to repreſent himſelf. There were ſome alſo knocking down a neighbouring ſtatue of one of the Orſini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is poſſible a man who knew leſs of the world would have condemned the adulation of thoſe bare-faced flatterers; but Alexander ſeemed pleaſed at their zeal; and, turning to Borgia, his ſon, ſaid with a ſmile, "Vides, mi fili, quam leve diſcrimen, patibulum inter et ſtatuam." You ſee, my ſon, the ſmall difference between a gibbet and a ſtatue." If the great could be taught any leſſon, this might ſerve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory ſtands: for, as popular applauſe is excited by what ſeems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet: her lovers muſt toil, feel avery inquietude, indulge every caprice; and, perhaps, at laſt, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, reſembles a woman of ſenſe; her admirers muſt play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are ſure, in the end, of being rewarded

warded in proportion to their merit. When Swift uſed to appear in public, he generally had the mob ſhouting at his train. "Pox take theſe fools," he would ſay, "how much joy might all this bawling give my lord-mayor.

We have ſeen thoſe virtues which have, while living retired from the public eye, generally tranſmitted to poſterity, as the trueſt objects of admiration and praiſe. Perhaps the character of the late duke of Marlborough may one day be ſet up, even above that of his more talked-of predeceſſor; ſince an aſſemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far ſuperior to thoſe vulgarly called the great ones. I muſt be pardoned for this ſhort tribute to the memory of a man. who while living, would as much deteſt to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery, as I ſhould to offer it.

I know not how to turn ſo trite a ſubject out of the beaten road of commonplace, except by illuſtrating it rather by the aſſiſtance of my memory than judgment; and, inſtead of making reflections, by telling a ſtory.

A Chineſe, who had long ſtudied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thouſand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and obſerve the cuſtoms of a people which he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival

rival at Amſterdam, his paſſion for letters naturally led him to a bookſeller's ſhop; and, as he could ſpeak a little Dutch, he civilly aſked the bookſeller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookſeller aſſured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpoſe, then, has he faſted to death, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China!"

There is ſcarce a village in Europe, and not one univerſity, that is not thus furniſhed with its little great men. The head of a petty corporatian, who oppoſes the deſigns of a prince, who would tyrannically force his ſubjects to ſave their beſt cloaths for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiſcovered quality in the polype, or deſcribes an unheeded proceſs in the ſkeleton of a mole; and whoſe mind, like his microſcope, perceives nature only in detail: the rhymer who makes ſmooth verſes, and paints to our imagination, when he ſhould only ſpeak to our hearts; all equally fancy themſelves walking forward to immortality, and deſire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philoſopher, and poet, are ſhouted in their train. "Where was there ever ſo much merit ſeen? no times ſo important as our own! ages, yet unborn, ſhall gaze with wonder and applauſe!" To ſuch muſic the important pigmy moves forward, buſtling and ſwelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a ſtorm.

I have

I have lived to ſee generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraiſed by news-papers and magazines, thoſe echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long ſunk into merited obſcurity, with ſcarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fiſhery employed all Grub-ſtreet; it was the topic in every coffee-houſe, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the ſea; we were to ſupply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At preſent, we hear no more of all this. We have fiſhed up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furniſh the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we ſhall find all our expectations an herring fiſhery.

## THE CAPTIVE.

[STERNE.]

THE bird in his cage purſued me into my room; I ſat down cloſe by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myſelf the miſeries of confinement: I was in a right frame for it, and ſo I gave full ſcope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but ſlavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of ſad groupes in it did but diſtract me——

I took

I took a ſingle captive, and having firſt ſhut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half waſted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of ſickneſs of the heart it was which ariſes from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I ſaw him pale and feveriſh: in thirty years the weſtern breeze had not once fanned his blood — he had ſeen no ſun, no moon, in all that time — nor had the voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice — his children ——

— But here my heart began to bleed — and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was ſitting upon the ground upon a little ſtraw, in the furtheſt corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of ſmall ſticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the diſmal days and nights he had paſſed there — he had one of theſe little ſticks in his hand, and with a ruſty nail, he was etching another day of miſery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeleſs eye towards the door, then caſt it down — ſhook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little ſtick upon the bundle — He gave a deep ſigh — I ſaw the iron enter into his ſoul — I burſt into tears — I could not ſuſtain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

ROACH'S BEAUTIFUL EXTRACTS IN PROSE No. III

Shepherdess of the Alps

*She perceives, at a distance a young Shepherd seated in the cavity of a Rock, at the foot of which he fed his flock*

Vide page 133 Vol. I

*Cruikshanks del.t* *Sansom Sculp.t*

*Published by* J. Roach, *Woburn Street New Drury Theatre Royal. Sep. 30. 1795.*

ROACH'S BEAUTIFUL EXTRACTS OF PROSAIC WRITERS No. III

# The *SHEPHERDESS of the ALPS,*

*by Marmontel.*

# Comparison of Cicero & Demosthenes,

by Blair.

# The STORY of a DISABLED SOLDIER,

*by Goldsmith.*

# *Patience Exemplified* in the *Story* of an *Ass,*

*by Sterne.*

# Junius Brutus *over the Dead Body of* Lucretia,

by Livy

*&c. &c.*

LONDON

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*Woburn Street New Drury Theatre Royal Sep.r 30.th 1795.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

## THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

[MARMONTEL.]

IN the mountains of Savoy, not far from the road from *Briançon* to Modena, is a ſolitary valley, the ſight of which inſpires travellers with a pleaſing melancholy. Three little hills in form of an amphitheatre, on which are ſcattered, at a great diſtance from each other, ſome ſhepherds huts, torrents that fall from the mountains, clumps of trees here and there, paſtures always green, form the ornament of this rural place.

The marchioneſs of Fonroſe was returning from France to Italy with her huſband. The axle-tree of their carriage broke, and as the day was on the decline, they were obliged to ſeek in this valley for ſome ſhelter to paſs the night. As they advanced towards one of the huts, they ſaw a flock going that way, conducted by a ſhepherdeſs whoſe gait aſtoniſhed them. They drew nearer, and heard a heavenly voice, whoſe plaintive and moving accents made the echoes groan.

"How the ſetting ſun ſtill glitters with a gentle light! It is thus," ſaid ſhe, "that at the end of a painful race, the exhauſted ſoul departs to grow young again in the pure ſource of immortality. But, alas! how diſtant is the period, and how long is life!" On ſaying theſe words, the ſhepherdeſs retired, with her head inclined; but the negligence of her attitude ſeemed

to give ſtill more nobleneſs and majeſty to her perſon and deportment.

Struck with what they ſaw, and ſtill more with what they had juſt heard, the marquis and marchioneſs of Fonroſe redoubled their pace, in order to overtake the ſhepherdeſs whom they admired. But what was their ſurpriſe, when under the plaineſt head dreſs, beneath the moſt humble garb they ſaw all the graces, all the beauties united! "Child," ſaid the marchioneſs to her, on ſeeing that ſhe avoided them, "fear nothing; we are travellers, whom an accident obliges to ſeek ſhelter in theſe huts till the day: will you be ſo good as to be our guide?"—"I pity you, Madam," ſaid the ſhepherdeſs to her, looking down and bluſhing; "theſe huts are inhabited by poor wretches, and you will be very ill lodged."—"You lodge there, without doubt, yourſelf," replied the marchioneſs; "and I can eaſily endure, for one night, the inconveniences which you ſuffer always."—"I am formed for that," ſaid the ſhepherdeſs, with a modeſty that charmed them. "No, ſurely," ſaid the marquis de Fonroſe, who could no longer diſſemble the emotion ſhe had cauſed in him; "no, you are not formed to ſuffer; and Fortune is very unjuſt! Is it poſſible, lovely damſel, that ſo many charms are buried in this deſart, under that habit?"—"Fortune, Sir!" replied Adelaide, (this was the name of the ſhepherdeſs) "Fortune is not cruel, but when ſhe takes from us that which ſhe has given us. My condition

condition has its pleaſures for one who knows no other; and cuſtom creates wants for you, which ſhepherds do not know."—"That may be," ſaid the marquis, "with reſpect to thoſe whom Heaven has placed from their birth in this obſcure condition; but you, aſtoniſhing damſel, you whom I admire, you who enchant me, you were never born what you now are! that air, that gait, that voice, that language, every thing betrays you. But two words which you have juſt now ſpoken, proclaim a cultivated underſtanding, a noble ſoul. Proceed; teach us what misfortnne can have reduced you to this ſtrange abaſement."—"For a man in misfortune," replied Adelaide, "there are a thouſand ways to extricate himſelf; for a woman, you know, there is no other honeſt reſource than ſervitude, and the choice of maſters. They do well, in my opinion, who prefer the good. You are now going to ſee mine; you will be charmed with the innocence of their lives, the candour the ſimplicity, the probity of their manners."

While ſhe talked thus, they arrived at the hut. It was ſeparated by a partition from the fold into which this incognita drove her ſheep, telling them over with the moſt ſerious attention, and without deigning to take any farther notice of the travellers, who contemplated her. An old man and his wife, ſuch as Philemon and Baucis are deſcribed to us, came forth to meet their gueſts, with that village-honeſty which recals the golden age to our minds. "We have nothing to

offer you," said the good woman, "but fresh straw for a bed; milk, fruit, and rye-bread for your food; but the little that Heaven gives us, we will most heartily share with you." The travellers on entering the hut, were surprised at the air of regularity which every thing breathed there. The table was one single plank of walnut-tree highly polished: they saw themselves in the enamel of the earthen vessels designed for their milk. Every thing presented the image of cheerful poverty, and of the first wants of Nature agreeably satisfied. "It is our dear daughter," said the good woman, "who takes upon her the management of our house. In the morning, before her flock ramble far into the country, and while they begin to graze round the house on the grass covered with dew, she washes, cleans, and sets every thing in order, with a dexterity that charms us."—"What!" said the marchioness, "is this shepherdess your daughter?"—"Ah, Madam, would to Heaven she were!" cried the good old woman; it is my heart that calls her so, for I have a mother's love for her; but I am not so happy as to have borne her; we are not worthy to have given her birth."—"Who is she then? Whence comes she? and what misfortune has reduced her to such a condition?"—"All that is unknown to us. It is now four years since she came in the habit of a female peasant to offer herself to keep our flocks; we would have taken her for nothing, so much had her good look and pleasing manner won upon our hearts.

We

We doubted her being born a villager; but our queſtions afflicted her, and we thought it our duty to abſtain from them. This reſpect has but augmented in proportion as we have become better acquainted with her ſoul; but the more we would humble ourſelves to her, the more ſhe humbles herſelf to us. Never had daughter more attention for her father and mother, nor officiouſneſs more tender. She cannot obey us, becauſe we are far from commanding her; but it ſeems as if ſhe ſaw through us, and every thing that we can wiſh is done, before we perceive that ſhe thinks of it. She is an angel come down among us to comfort our old age."—"And what is ſhe doing now in the fold?" demanded the marchioneſs. "Giving the flock freſh litter; drawing the milk from the ewes and ſhe-goats. This milk, preſſed out by her hand, ſeems to become the more delicate for it. I, who go and ſell it in the town, cannot ſerve it faſt enough. They think it delicious. The dear child employs herſelf, while ſhe is watching the flock, in works of ſtraw and oſier, which are admired by all. Every thing becomes valuable beneath her fingers. You ſee, Madam," continued the good old woman, "you ſee here the image of an eaſy and quiet life: it is ſhe that procures it to us. This heavenly daughter is never employed but to make us happy."—"Is ſhe happy herſelf?" demanded the marquis de Fonroſe. "She endeavours to perſuade us ſo." replied the old man; "but I have frequently obſerved to my

wife, that at her return from the paſture, ſhe had her eyes bedewed with tears, and the moſt afflicted air in the world. The moment ſhe ſees us, ſhe affects to ſmile; but we ſee plainly that ſhe has ſome grief that conſumes her. We dare not aſk her what it is."—"Ah, Madam! ſaid the old woman, "how I ſuffer for this child, when ſhe perſiſts in leading out her ſtocks to paſture in ſpite of rain and froſt! Many a time have I thrown myſelf on my knees, in order to prevail with her to let me go in her ſtead; but I never could prevail on her. She goes out at ſun-riſe, and returns in the evening benumbed with cold, "Judge, now," ſays ſhe to me, "whether I would ſuffer you to quit your fire-ſide, and expoſe yourſelf at your age to the rigours of the ſeaſon. I am ſcarce able to withſtand it myſelf." Nevertheleſs, ſhe brings home under her arm the wood with which we warm ourſelves; and when I complain of the fatigue ſhe gives herſelf: "Have done, have done, my good mother, it is by exerciſe that I keep myſelf from cold: labour is made for my age." In ſhort, Madam, ſhe is as good as ſhe is handſome, and my huſband and I never ſpeak of her but with tears in our eyes."—"And if ſhe ſhould be taken from you?" ſaid the marchioneſs—"We ſhould loſe," interrupted the old man, "all that we hold deareſt in the world; but if ſhe herſelf was to be the happier for it, we would die happy in that conſolation."—"Oh, aye!" replied the old woman, ſhedding tears; "Heaven grant her a

fortune

fortune worthy of her, if it be poſſible! It was my hope, that that hand ſo dear to me, would have cloſed my eyes, for I love her more than my life." Her arrival broke off their diſcourſe.

She appeared with a pail of milk in one hand, a baſket of fruit in the other; and after ſaluting them with an ineffable grace, ſhe directed her attention to the care of the family, as if nobody obſerved her. "You give yourſelf a great deal of trouble, my dear child," ſaid the marchioneſs. "I endeavour, Madam," replied ſhe, "to fulfil the intention of thoſe I ſerve, who are deſirous of entertaining you in the beſt manner they are able. You will have," continued ſhe, ſpreading over the table a coarſe but very white cloth, "you will have a frugal and rural repaſt: this bread is not the whiteſt in the world, but it taſtes pretty well; the eggs are freſh, the milk is good; and the fruits, which I have juſt now gathered, are ſuch as the ſeaſon affords." The diligence, the attention, the noble and becoming grace with which this wonderful ſhepherdeſs paid them all the duties of hoſpitality; the reſpect ſhe ſhewed for her maſter and miſtreſs, whether ſhe ſpoke to them, or whether ſhe ſought to read in their eyes what they wanted her to do; all theſe things filled the marquis and marchioneſs of Fonroſe with aſtoniſhment and admiration. As ſoon as they were laid down on the bed of freſh ſtraw which the ſhepherdeſs had prepared for them herſelf, "Our adventure has the air of a prodigy,"

digy," ſaid they one to another; "we muſt clear up this myſtery; we muſt carry away this child along with us."

At break of day, one of the men, who had been up all night mending their carriage, came to inform them that it was thoroughly repaired. Madam de Fonroſe, before ſhe ſet out, ordered the ſhepherdeſs to be called to her. "Without wanting to pry," ſaid ſhe, "into the ſecret of your birth, and the cauſe of your misfortune; all that I ſee, all that I hear, intereſts me in your favour. I ſee that your ſpirit has raiſed you above ill-fortune; and that you have ſuited your ſentiments to your preſent condition: your charms and your virtues render it reſpectable, but yet it is unworthy of you. I have it in my power, amiable ſtranger, to procure you a happier lot; my huſband's intentions agree entirely with mine. I have a conſiderable eſtate at Turin: I want a friend of my own ſex, and I ſhall think I bear away from this place an invaluable treaſure, if you will accompany me. Separate from the propoſal, from the ſuit I now make you, all notion of ſervitude: I do not think you made for that condition; but though my prepoſſeſſions in your favour ſhould deceive me, I had rather raiſe you above your birth, than leave you beneath it. I repeat to you, it is a friend of my own ſex that I want to attach to me. For the reſt be under no concern for the fate of theſe good people: there is nothing which I would not do to make them amends for your loſs; at leaſt they ſhall have where with

with to ſpend the remainder of their lives happily, according to their condition; and it is from your hand that they ſhall receive the benefits I intend them." The old folks who were preſent at this diſcourſe, kiſſing the hands of the marchioneſs, and throwing themſelves at her feet, begged the young incognita to accept of theſe generous offers: they repreſented to her with tears, that they were on the brink of the grave; that ſhe had no other conſolation than to make them happy in their old age; and that at their death, when left to herſelf, their habitation would become a dreadful ſolitude. The ſhepherdeſs, embracing them, mingled her tears with theirs; ſhe returned thanks to the marquis and marchioneſs of Fonroſe for their goodneſs, with a ſenſibility that made her ſtill more beautiful. I cannot," ſaid ſhe, "accept of your courteſies. Heaven has marked out my place, and its will is accompliſhed; but your goodneſs has made impreſſions on my ſoul which will never be effaced. The reſpectable name of Fonroſe ſhall ever be preſent to my imagination. I have but one favour more to aſk you," ſaid ſhe, bluſhing, and looking down; "that is, to be ſo good as to bury this adventure in eternal ſilence, and to leave the world for ever ignorant of the lot of an unknown wretch, who wants to live and die in oblivion." The marquis and marchioneſs of Fonroſe, moved with pity and grief, redoubled a thouſand times their inſtances:

ſhe

ſhe was immoveable, and the old people, the travellers, and the ſhepherdeſs, ſeparated with tears in their eyes.

During the journey, the marquis and his lady were taken up with nothing but this adventure. They thought they had been in a dream. Their imaginations being filled with this kind of romance, they arrive at Turin. It may eaſily be imagined that they did not keep ſilence, and this was an inexhauſtable ſubject for reflections and conjectures. The young Fonroſe, being preſent at theſe diſcources, loſt not one circumſtance. He was at that age wherein the imagination is moſt lively, and the heart moſt ſuſceptible; but he was one of thoſe characters whoſe ſenſibility diſplays not itſelf outwardly, and who are ſo much the more violently agitated, when they are ſo at all, as the ſentiment which affects them does not weaken itſelf by any ſort of diſſipation. All that Fonroſe hears ſaid of the charms, virtues and misfortunes of the ſhepherdeſs of Savoy, kindles in his ſoul the moſt ardent deſire of ſeeing her. He forms to himſelf an image of her, which is always preſent to him. He compares her to every thing that he ſees, and every thing that he ſees vaniſhes before her. But the more his impatience redoubles, the more care he takes to conceal it. Turin becomes odious to him. The valley, which conceals from the world its brighteſt ornament, attracts his whole ſoul. It is there that happineſs waits him. But

if

if his project is known, he foreſees the greateſt obſtacles: they will never conſent to the journey he meditates; it is the folly of a young man, the conſequences of which they will be apprehenſive of; the ſhepherdeſs herſelf, affrighted at his purſuits, will not fail to withdraw herſelf from them; he loſes her, if he ſhould be known. After all theſe reflections, which employed his thoughts for three months, he takes a reſolution to quit every thing for her ſake; to go, under the habit of a ſhepherd, to ſeek her in her ſolitude, and to die there, or to draw her out of it.

He diſappears; they ſee him no more. His parents become alarmed at his abſence: their fear increaſes every day; their expectations diſappointed throw the whole family into affliction; the fruitleſſneſs of their enquiries compleats their deſpair; a duel, an aſſaſſination, every thing that is moſt unfortunate, preſents itſelf to their imagination; and theſe unhappy parents ended their reſearches by lamenting the death of their ſon, their only hope. While his family are in mourning, Fonroſe, under the habit of a ſhepherd, preſents himſelf to the inhabitants of the hamlets adjoining to the vallies, which they had but too well deſcribed to him. His ambition is accompliſhed: they truſt him with the care of their flocks.

The firſt day after his arrival, he left them to wander

der at random, ſolely attentive to diſcover the places to which the ſhepherdeſs led hers.

"Let us manage," ſaid he, "the timidity of this ſolitary fair one: if ſhe is unfortunate, her heart has need of conſolation; if it be nothing but a deſire to baniſh herſelf from the world, and the pleaſure of a tranquil and innocent life that retains her here, ſhe will feel ſome dull moments, and wiſh for company to amuſe or conſole her. If I ſucceed ſo far as to render that agreeable to her, ſhe will ſoon find it neceſſary; then I ſhall take counſel from the ſituation of her ſoul. After all we are here alone, as it were in the world, and we ſhall be every thing to each other. From confidence to friendſhip the paſſage is not long; and from friendſhip to love, at our age, the road is ſtill eaſier." And what was Fonroſe's age when he reaſoned thus? Fonroſe was eighteen; but three months reflection on the ſame object unfolds a number of ideas. While he was thus giving himſelf up to his imagination, with his eyes wandering over the country, he hears at a diſtance that voice, the charms of which had been ſo often extolled to him. The emotion it excited in him was as lively as if ſhe had been unexpected. "It is here," ſaid the ſhepherdeſs in her plaintive ſtrains; "it is here that my heart enjoys the only happineſs that remains to it. My grief has a luxury in it for my ſoul; I prefer its bitterneſs to the deceitful ſweets of joy."

Theſe accents rent the ſenſible heart of Fonroſe. "What," ſaid he, "can be the cauſe of the chagrin that conſumes her? How pleaſing would it be to conſole her!" A hope ſtill more pleaſing preſumed, not without difficulty, to flatter his deſires. He feared to alarm the ſhepherdeſs if he reſigned himſelf imprudently to his impatience of ſeeing her near, and for the firſt time it was ſufficient to have heard her. The next day he went out again to lead his ſheep to paſture; and after obſerving the route which ſhe had taken, he placed himſelf at the foot of the rock, which the day before repeated to him the ſouuds of that touching voice. I forgot to mention that Fonroſe, to the handſomeſt figure had joined thoſe talents which the young nobility of Italy do not neglect. He played on the hautboy like Beſuzzi, of whom he had taken his leſſons, and who formed at that time the delight of Europe. Adelaide, buried in her own afflicting ideas, had not yet made her voice heard, and the echoes kept ſilence. All on a ſudden this ſilence was interrupted by the plaintive ſounds of Fonroſe's hautboy. Theſe unknown ſounds excited in the ſoul of Adelaide, a ſurpriſe mingled with anxiety. The keepers of the flocks that wandered on the hills had never cauſed her to hear aught before but the ſounds of ruſtic pipes. Immoveable and attentive, ſhe ſeeks with her eyes who it was that could form ſuch harmonious ſounds. She perceives, at a diſtance, a young ſhepherd ſeated in the

cavity of a rock, at the foot of which he fed his flock; ſhe draws near, to hear him the better. "See," ſaid ſhe, "what the mere inſtinct of Nature can do! The ear teaches this ſhepherd all the refinements of art. Can any one breathe purer ſounds? What delicacy in his inflexions! what variety in his gradations! Who can ſay after this, that taſte is not a gift of Nature?" Ever ſince Adelaide had dwelled in this ſolitude, this was the firſt time that her grief, ſuſpended by an agreeable diſtraction, had delivered up her ſoul to the ſweet emotion of pleaſure. Fonroſe, who ſaw her approach and ſeat herſelf at the foot of a willow to hear him, pretended not to perceive her. He ſeized without ſeeming to affect it, the moment of her retreat, and managed the courſe of his own flock in ſuch a manner as to meet her on a declivity of a hill, where the road croſſed. He caſt only one look on her, and continued his route, as if taken up with nothing but the care of his flock. But what beauties had that one look ran over; What eyes! what a divine mouth! How much more raviſhing ſtill would thoſe features be, which are ſo noble and touching in their languor, if love re-animated them! He ſaw plainly that grief alone had withered in their ſpring the roſes on her lovely cheeks; but of ſo many charms, that which had moved him moſt was the noble elegance of her perſon and her gait; in the eaſe of her motions he thought he ſaw a young cedar, whoſe ſtraight and flexible trunk yields gently

to

to the zephyrs. This image, which love had juſt engraven in flaming characters on his memory, took up all his thoughts. "How feebly," ſaid he, "have they painted to me this beauty, unknown to the world, whoſe adoration ſhe merits! And it is a deſart that ſhe inhabits! and it is thatch that covers her! She who ought to ſee kings at her feet, employs herſelf in tending an humble flock! Beneath what garments has ſhe preſented herſelf to my view? She adorns every thing and nothing diſfigures her. Yet what a life for a frame ſo delicate! Coarſe food, a ſavage climate, a bed of ſtraw; great gods! And for whom are the roſes made? Yes, I will draw her out of this ſtate, ſo much too hard and too unworthy of her." Sleep interrupted his reflections, but effaced not her image. Adelaide, on her ſide, ſenſibly ſtruck with the youth, the beauty of Fonroſe, ceaſed not to admire the caprices of Fortune. "Where is Nature going," ſaid ſhe, to re-aſſemble together ſo many talents and ſo many graces! But alas! thoſe gifts which to him are here but uſeleſs, would be perhaps his misfortune in a more elevated ſtate. What evils does not beauty create in the world! Unhappy as I am, is it for me to ſet any value on it?" This melancholy reflection began to poiſon in her ſoul the pleaſures ſhe had taſted, ſhe reproached herſelf for having been ſenſible of it, and reſolved to deny it herſelf for the future. The next day Fonroſe thought he perceived that ſhe avoided his approach; he fell into a

profound melancholy. "Could ſhe ſuſpect my diſguiſe?" ſaid he. "Should I have betrayed it myſelf? This uneaſineſs poſſeſſed him all the live-long-day, and his hautboy was neglected. Adelaide was not ſo far but ſhe could eaſily have heard it; and his ſilence aſtoniſhed her. She began to ſing herſelf. "It ſeems ſaid the ſong, "that every thing around me partakes of my heavineſs: the birds ſend forth none but ſorrowful notes; Echo replies to me in complaints; the Zephyrs moan amidſt theſe leaves; the ſound of the brooks imitates my ſighs, one might ſay that they flowed with tears." Fonroſe, ſoftened by theſe ſtrains, could not help replying to them. Never was concert more moving than that of his hautboy with Adelaide's voice. "O Heaven!" ſaid ſhe, "it is enchantment! I dare not believe my ears: it is not a ſhepherd, it is a god whom I have heard! Can the natural ſenſe of harmony inſpire ſuch concord of ſounds?" While ſhe was ſpeaking thus a rural, or rather a celeſtial melody, made the valley reſound. Adelaide thought ſhe ſaw thoſe prodigies realizing which Poetry attributes to her ſprightly ſiſter Muſic. Aſtoniſhed, confounded, ſhe knew not whether ſhe ought to take herſelf away, or reſign herſelf up to this enchantment. But ſhe perceived the ſhepherd, whom ſhe had juſt heard, re-aſſembling his flock in order to regain his hut. "He knows not," ſays ſhe, "the delight he diffuſes around him; his undiſguiſed ſoul is not in the leaſt vain of it: he waits not

even

even for the praiſes I owe him. Such is the power of muſic: it is the only talent that places its happineſs in itſelf; all the other require witneſſes. This gift of Heaven was granted to man in his innocence: it is the pureſt of all pleaſures. Alas! it is the only one I ſtill reliſh; and I conſider this ſhepherd as a new echo who is come to anſwer my grief."

The following day Fonroſe affected to keep at a diſtance in his turn: Adelaide was afflicted at it. "Chance," ſaid ſhe, "ſeemed to have procured me this feeble conſolation; I gave myſelf up to it too eaſily, and, to puniſh me, ſhe has deprived me of it." At laſt one day, when they happened to meet on the declivity of the hill, "Shepherd," ſaid ſhe to him, "are you leading your flocks far off?" Theſe firſt words of Adelaide cauſed an emotion in Fonroſe which almoſt deprived him of the uſe of his voice. "I do not know," ſaid he, heſitating; it is not I who lead my flock, but my flock leads me; theſe places are better known to it than to me: I leave to it the choice of the beſt paſtures."—"Whence are you, then?" ſaid the ſhepherdeſs to him. "I was born beyond the Alps,' replied Fonroſe. "Were you born among ſhepherds?" continued ſhe. "As I am a ſhepherd." ſaid he, looking down, "I muſt have been born to be one."—"I doubt it," replied Adelaide, viewing him with attention. "Your talents, your language, your very air, all tell me, that Fate had placed you in a better ſitua-

tion."—"You are very obliging," ſaid Fonroſe; "but ought you of all perſons, to believe that Nature refuſes every thing to ſhepherds? Were you born to be a queen?" Adelaide bluſhed at this anſwer; and changing the ſubject, "The other day," ſaid ſhe, "by the ſound of a hautboy you accompanied my ſongs with an art that would be a prodigy in a ſimple ſhepherd."—"It is your voice that is ſo," replied Fonroſe, "in a ſimple ſhepherdeſs."—"But has nobody inſtructed you?"—"I have, like yourſelf, no other guide than my heart and my ear. You ſung I was melted; what my heart feels my hautboy expreſſes; I breathe my ſoul into it. This is the whole of my ſecret, nothing in the world is eaſier."—"That is incredible," ſaid Adelaide. "I ſaid the very ſame on hearing you," replied Fonroſe, "but I was forced to believe it. What will you ſay? Nature and Love ſometimes take a delight in aſſembling their moſt precious gifts in perſons of the moſt humble fortune, to ſhew that there is no condition which they cannot ennoble.'

During this diſcourſe, they advanced towards the valley; and Fonroſe, whom a ray of hope now animated, began to make the air reſound with thoſe ſprightly notes which pleaſure inſpires. "Ah, pr'ythee now!" ſaid Adelaide, "ſpare my ſoul the troubleſome image of a ſentiment which ſhe cannot reliſh. This ſolitude is conſecrated to Grief; her echoes are not uſed to repeat the accents of a profane joy; here every

every thing groans in concert with me."—"I alſo have cauſe to complain!" replied the young man; and theſe words, pronounced with a ſigh, were followed by a long ſilence. "You have cauſe to complain!" replied Adelaide; "is it of mankind? is it of fortune?"—"No matter," ſaid he, "but I am not happy: aſk me no more."—"Hear me," ſaid Adelaide: "Heaven gives us to each other as a conſolation in our troubles; mine are like an overwhelming load, which weighs down my heart. Whoever you may be, if you know misfortune you ought to be compaſſionate, and I believe you worthy of my confidence; but promiſe me that it ſhall be mutual."--"Alas!" ſaid Fonroſe, "my misfortunes are ſuch, that I ſhall perhaps be condemned never to reveal them." This myſtery but redoubled the curioſity of Adelaide. "Repair to-morrow," ſaid ſhe to him, "to the foot of that hill, beneath that old tufted oak where you have heard me moan. There I will teach you things that will excite your pity." Fonroſe paſſed the night in the utmoſt emotion. His fate depended on what he was going to hear. A thouſand alarming ideas agitated him by turns. He dreaded, above all, the being driven to deſpair by the communication of an unſucceſsful and faithful love. "If ſhe is in love," ſaid he, "I am undone!"

He repairs to the appointed place. He ſees Adelaide arrive, the day was overcaſt with clouds, and nature mourning ſeemed to forebode the ſadneſs of their converſation

verſation. As ſoon as they were ſeated at the foot of the oak. Adelaide ſpoke thus. "You ſee theſe ſtones which the graſs begins to cover; they are the tomb of the moſt tender, the moſt virtuous of men, whom my love and my imprudence have coſt his life. I am a French woman, of a family of diſtinction; and, to my misfortune, too rich. The count D'Oreſtan conceived the tendereſt paſſion for me; I was ſenſible of it ſenſible to exceſs. My parents oppoſed the inclination of our hearts, and my frantic paſſion made me conſent to a marriage ſacred to virtuous ſouls, but diſallowed by the laws. Italy was at that time the theatre of war, My huſband went thither to join the corps which he was to command; I followed him as far as *Briançon*: my fooliſh tenderneſs retained him there two days in ſpite of himſelf: for he, a young man, full of honour, prolonged his ſtay there with the greateſt reluctance. He ſacrificed his duty to me: but what would not I have ſacrificed to him? In a word, I required it of him; and he could not withſtand my tears. He took leave with a foreboding which alarmed me. I accompanied him as far as this valley, where I received his adieus; and in order to wait to hear from him. I returned to *Briançon*. A few days after a report was ſpread of a battle. I doubted whether D'Oreſtan had got thither; I wiſhed it for his honour, I dreaded it for my love; when I received a letter from him, which I thought very conſoling," "I ſhall be ſuch a day, at ſuch an hour," ſaid he,

he, "in the valley, and under the oak where we parted; I ſhall repair there alone; I conjure you to go there, and expect me, likewiſe, alone; I live yet but for you." How great was my miſtake! I perceived in his billet nothing more than an impatience to ſee me again, and this impatience made me happy. I repaired, then, to this very oak. D'Oreſtan arrives; and after the tendereſt reception: "You would have it ſo, my dear Adelaide," ſaid he, "I have failed in my duty at the moſt important moment of my life. What I feared is come to paſs. A battle has happened, my regiment charged. It performed prodigies of valour, and I was not there I am diſhonoured, loſt without reſource. I reproach not you with my misfortune, but I have now but one ſacrifice more to make you, and my heart is come to accompliſh it." At this diſcourſe, pale, trembling, and ſcarce breathing, I took my huſband into my arms, I felt my blood congeal in my veins, my knees bent under me, and I fell down ſenſeleſs. He availed himſelf of my fainting to tear himſelf from my boſom; and in a little time I was recalled to life by the report of a ſhot which killed him. I will not deſcribe to you the ſituation I was in; it is inexpreſſible; and the tears which you now ſee flowing, the ſighs that ſtifle my voice, are but a feeble image of it. After paſſing this whole night beſide his bloody corpſe, in a grief that ſtupified me, my firſt care was to bury along with him my ſhame: my hands dug out his grave. I ſeek not to move you;

you; but the moment in which the earth was to ſeparate me from the ſorrowful remains of my huſband, was a thouſand times more dreadful to me than that can be which is to ſeparate my body from my ſoul. Spent with grief, and deprived of nouriſhment, my enfeebled hands took up two whole days in hollowing out this tomb with inconceivable labour. When my ſtrength forſook me, I repoſed myſelf on the livid and cold boſom of my huſband. In ſhort, I paid him the rites of ſepulture, and my heart promiſed him to wait in theſe parts till death re-unites us. In the mean time, cruel hunger began to devour my exhauſted entrails. I thought it criminal to refuſe nature the ſupports of a life more grievous than death. I changed my garments for the plain habit of a ſhepherdeſs, and I embraced that condition as my only refuge. From that time my only conſolation has been to come here, and weep over this grave, which ſhall be my own. You ſee," continued ſhe, "with what ſincerity I open my ſoul to you. With you I may henceforth weep at liberty; it is a conſolation I had need of; but I expect the ſame confidence from you. Do not think that you have deceived me. I ſee clearly that the ſtate of a ſhepherd is as foreign, and newer to you than to me. You are young, perhaps ſenſible; and, if I may believe my conjectures, our misfortunes have the ſame ſource, and you have loved as well as I. We ſhall only feel the more for one another. I conſider you as a friend, whom Heaven, touched by my

my misfortunes, deigns to ſend me in my ſolitude. Do you alſo conſider me as a friend, capable of giving you if not ſalutary counſel, at leaſt a conſolatory example."

"You pierce my very ſoul," ſaid Fonroſe, overcome with what he had juſt heard; "and whatever ſenſibility you may attribute to me, you are very far from conceiving the impreſſion that the recital of your misfortunes has made on me. Alas! why cannot I return it with that confidence which you teſtify towards me, and of which you are ſo worthy? But I warned you of it; I foreſaw it. Such is the nature of my ſorrows, that an eternal ſilence muſt ſhut them up in the bottom of my heart. "You are very unhappy," added he with a profound ſigh; "I am ſtill more unhappy: this is all I can tell you. Be not offended at my ſilence; it is terrible to me to be condemned to it. The conſtant companion of all your ſteps, I will ſoften your labours: I will partake of all your griefs: I will ſee you weep over this grave, I will mingle my tears with yours. You ſhall not repent having depoſited your woes in a heart, alas! but too ſenſible."—"I repent me of it from this moment," ſaid ſhe with confuſion; and both with downcaſt eyes, retired in ſilence from each other. Adelaide, on quitting Fonroſe, thought ſhe ſaw in his countenance the impreſſion of a profound grief. "I have revived," ſaid ſhe, "the ſenſe of his ſorrows; and what muſt be their horror, when he thinks himſelf ſtill more wretched than I!"

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From that day more ſighing and more converſation followed between Fonroſe and Adelaide. They neither ſought nor avoided one another: looks of conſternation formed almoſt their only language; if he found her weeping over the grave of her huſband, his heart was ſeized with pity, jealouſy, and grief; he contemplated her in ſilence, and anſwered her ſighs with deep groans.

Two months had paſſed away in this painful ſituation, and Adelaide ſaw Fonroſe's youth wither as a flower. The ſorrow which conſumed him afflicted her ſo much the more deeply, as the cauſe of it was unknown to her. She had not the moſt diſtant ſuſpicion that ſhe was the cauſe of it. However, as it is natural, when two ſentiments divide a ſoul, for one to weaken the other, Adelaide's regret on account of the death of D'Oreſtan became leſs lively every day, in proportion as ſhe delivered herſelf up to the pity with which Fonroſe inſpired her. She was very ſure that this pity had nothing but what was innocent in it; it did not even come into her head to defend herſelf from it; and the object of this generous ſentiment being continually preſent to her view, awakened it every inſtant. The languor into which this young man was fallen became ſuch, that ſhe thought it her duty not to leave him any longer to himſelf. "You are dying," ſaid ſhe to him, "and you add to my griefs that of ſeeing you conſumed with ſorrow under my eye, without being able to apply any

any remedy. If the recital of the imprudences of my youth has not inſpired you with a contempt for me; if the pureſt and tendereſt friendſhip be dear to you: in ſhort, if you would not render me more unhappy than I was before I knew you, conſide to me the cauſe of your griefs: you have no perſon in the world but myſelf to aſſiſt you in ſupporting them; your ſecret, though it were more important than mine, fear not that I ſhall divulge. The death of my huſband has placed a gulph betwixt the world and me; and the confidence which I require will ſoon be buried in this grave, to which grief is with ſlow ſteps conducting me."—"I hope to go before you," ſaid Fonroſe, burſting into tears. "Suffer me to finiſh my deplorable life without leaving you afterwards the reproach of having ſhortened its courſe."—"O Heaven, what do I hear," cried ſhe with diſtraction. "What I! can I have contributed to the evils which overwhelm you? Go on; you pierce my ſoul! What have I done? what have I ſaid? Alas, I tremble! Good heaven! haſt thou ſent me into the world only to create wretches? Speak; nay, ſpeak; you muſt no longer conceal who you are; you have ſaid too much to diſſemble any longer."—"Well, then, I am—I am Fonroſe, the ſon of thoſe travellers, whom you filled with admiration and reſpect. All that they related of your virtues and your charms inſpired me with the fatal deſign of coming to ſee you in this diſguiſe. I have left my family in the deepeſt ſorrow, thinking they have loſt

me, and lamenting my death. I have ſeen you; I know what attaches you to this place; I know that the only hope that is left me, is to die here adoring you. Give me no uſeleſs counſel or unjuſt reproaches. My reſolution is as firm and immoveable as your own. If in betraying my ſecret, you diſturb the laſt moments of a life almoſt at an end, you will to no purpoſe injure me, who would never offend you."

Adelaide, confounded, endeavoured to calm the deſpair into which this young man was plunged. "Let me," ſaid ſhe, "do to his parents the ſervice of reſtoring him to life; let me ſave their only hope: Heaven preſents me with this opportunity of acknowledging their favours." Thus, far from making him furious by a miſplaced rigour, all the tenderneſs of pity, and conſolation of friendſhip, were put in practice in order to ſooth him.

"Heavenly angel!" cried Fonroſe, "I ſee all the reluctance that you feel to make any one unhappy: your heart is with him who repoſes in this grave: I ſee that nothing can detach you from him; I ſee how ingenious your virtue is to conceal your woe from me; I perceive it in all its extent, I am overwhelmed by it, but I pardon you: it is your duty never to love me, it is mine ever to adore you."

Impatient of executing the deſign which ſhe had conceived, Adelaide arrives at her hut. "Father," ſaid ſhe to her old maſter, "do you think you have ſtrength to travel

travel to Turin? I have need of ſomebody whom I can truſt, to give the marquis and marchioneſs of Fonroſe the moſt intereſting intelligence. The old man replied, that his zeal to ſerve them inſpired him with courage. "Go," reſumed Adelaide, "you will find them bewailing the death of their only ſon; tell them that he is living, and in theſe parts, and that I will reſtore him to them; but that there is an indiſpenſably neceſſity for their coming here themſelves to fetch him."

He ſets out, arrives at Turin, ſends in his addreſs as the old man of the valley of Savoy. "Ah!" cried madam de Fonroſe, "ſome misfortune, perhaps, has happened to our ſhepherdeſs."—"Let him come in," added the marquis, "he will tell us, perhaps, that ſhe conſents to live with us."—"After the loſs of my ſon," ſaid the marchioneſs, "it is the only comfort I can taſte in this world." The old man is introduced. He throws himſelf at their feet; they raiſe him. "You are lamenting the death of your ſon," ſaid he; "I come to tell you that he lives; our dear child has diſcovered him in the valley; ſhe ſends me to inform you of it; but yourſelves only, ſhe ſays, can bring him back." As he ſpoke this, ſurpriſe and joy deprived the marchioneſs de Fonroſe of her ſenſes. The marquis diſtracted and amazed, calls out for help for his lady, recals her to life, embraces the old man, publiſhes to the whole houſe that their ſon is reſtored to them. The marchioneſs reſuming her ſpirits, "What ſhall we do," ſaid ſhe, tak-

ing the old man by the hands, and preſſing them with tenderneſs, "what ſhall we do in gratitude for this benefit which reſtores life to us?"

Every thing is ordered for their departure. They ſet out with the good man! they travel night and day, and repair to the valley, where their only good awaits them. The ſhepherdeſs was out at paſture: the old woman conducts them to her; they approach, How great is their ſurprize! their ſon, that well beloved ſon, is by her ſide in the habit of a ſimple ſhepherd. Their hearts ſooner than their eyes acknowledge him. "Ah, cruel child," cried his mother, throwing herſelf into his arms, "what ſorrow have you occaſioned us! why withdraw yourſelf from our tenderneſs? and what is it you come here for?"—"To adore," ſaid he, "what you yourſelf admired."—"Pardon me, madam," ſaid Adelaide, while Fonroſe embraced his father's knees, who raiſed him with kindneſs; "pardon me for having left you ſo long in grief: if I had known it ſooner, you ſhould have been ſooner conſoled." After the firſt emotions of nature, Fonroſe relapſed into the deepeſt affliction. "Let us go," ſaid the marquis, "let us go reſt ourſelves in the hut, and forget all the pain that this young madman has occaſioned us."—"Yes, Sir, I have been mad," ſaid Fonroſe to his father, who led him by the hand. "Nothing but the loſs of my reaſon could have ſuſpended in my heart the emotions of nature, ſo as to make me forget the moſt ſacred duties; in ſhort, to detach

detach myſelf from every thing that I held deareſt in the world; but this madneſs you gave birth to, and I am but too ſeverely puniſhed for it. I love without hope the moſt accompliſhed perſon in the world; you ſee nothing, you know nothing of this incomparable woman; ſhe is honeſty, ſenſibility, virtue itſelf; I love her even to idolatry, I cannot be happy without her, and I know that ſhe cannot be mine."—"Has ſhe confided to you," ſaid the marquis, "the ſecret of her birth?"—"I have learned enough of it." ſaid Fonroſe, "to aſſure you, that it is in no reſpect beneath my own; ſhe has even renounced a conſiderable fortune to bury herſelf in this deſart."—"And do you know what has induced her to it?"—"Yes, Sir, but it is a ſecret which ſhe alone can reveal to you."—"She is married, perhaps?"—"She is a widow, but her heart is not the more diſengaged; her ties are but too ſtrong,"—"Daughter," ſaid the marquis, on entering the hut, "you ſee that you turn the heads of the whole family of Fonroſe. The extravagant paſſion of this young man cannot be juſtified but by ſuch a prodigy as you are. All my wife's wiſhes are confined to having you for a companion and a friend; this child here, will not live, unleſs he obtains you for his wife; I deſire no leſs to have you for my daughter: ſee how many perſons you will make unhappy by a refuſal."—"Ah, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "your goodneſs confounds me, but hear and judge for me." Then Adelaide, in the preſence of the old

man and his wife, made a recital of her deplorable adventure. She added the name of her family, which was not unknown to the marquis de Fonroſe, and ended by calling on himſelf to witneſs the inviolable fidelity ſhe owed her ſpouſe. At theſe words conſternation ſpread itſelf over every countenance. Young Fonroſe, choaked with ſobs, threw himſelf into a corner of the hut, in order to give them free ſcope, The father, moved at the ſight, flew to the aſſiſtance of his ſon. "See," ſaid he, "my dear Adelaide, to what a condition you have reduced him!" Madam de Fonroſe, who was near Adelaide, preſſed her in her arms, bathing her at the ſame time with her tears. "Alas! why, my daughter, ſaid ſhe, "why will you a ſecond time make us mourn the death of our dear child?" The old man and his wife, their eyes filled with tears, and fixed upon Adelaide, waited her ſpeaking. "Heaven is my witneſs," ſaid Adelaide, riſing, "that I would lay down my life in gratitude for ſuch goodneſs. It would heighten my misfortunes to have occaſion to reproach myſelf with yours; but I am willing that Fonroſe himſelf ſhould be my judge; ſuffer me, if you pleaſe, to ſpeak to him for a moment." Then retiring with him alone; "Fonroſe," ſaid ſhe, "You know what ſacred ties retain me in this place. If I could ceaſe to love and lament a huſband who loved me but too well, I ſhould be the moſt deſpicable of women. Eſteem, friendſhip, gratitude, are the ſentiments I owe you; but none of theſe

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can cancel love: the more you have conceived for me, the more you ſhould expect from me; it is the impoſſibility of fulfilling that duty, that hinders my impoſing it on myſelf. At the ſame time I ſee you in a ſituation that would move the leaſt ſenſible heart; it is ſhocking to me to be the cauſe, it would be ſtill more ſhocking to me to hear your parents accuſe me with having been your deſtruction. I will forget myſelf, then, for the preſent, and leave you, as far as in me lies, to be the arbiter of our deſtiny. It is for you to chuſe that of the two ſituations which appears to you leaſt painful; either to renounce me, to ſubdue yourſelf, and forget me; or to poſſeſs a woman, whoſe heart being full of another object, can only grant you ſentiments too feeble to ſatisfy the wiſhes of a lover."—"That is enough," ſaid Fonroſe; and in a ſoul like yours, friendſhip ſhould take place of love. I ſhall be jealous, without doubt, of the tears which you ſhall beſtow on the memory of another huſband: but the cauſe of that jealouſy, in rendering you more reſpectable, will render you alſo more dear in my eyes."

"She is mine!" ſaid he, coming and throwing himſelf into the arms of his parents; "it is to her reſpect for you, to your goodneſs, that I owe her, and it is owing you a ſecond life." From that moment their arms were chains from which Adelaide could not diſengage herſelf.

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Did ſhe yield only to pity, to gratitude? I would fain believe it, in order to admire her the more: Adelaide believed ſo herſelf. However it be, before ſhe ſet out, ſhe would reviſit the tomb, which ſhe quitted but with regret. "O, my dear D'Oreſtan," ſaid ſhe, "if from the womb of the dead thou canſt read the bottom of my ſoul, thy ſhade has no cauſe to murmur at the ſacrifice I make: I owe it to the generous ſentiments of this virtuous family; but my heart remains thine for ever. I go to endeavour to make them happy, without any hope of being myſelf ſo." It was not without ſome ſort of violence they forced her from the place; but ſhe inſiſted that they ſhould erect a monument there to the memory of her huſband; and that the hut of her old maſter and miſtreſs, who followed her to Turin, ſhould be converted into a country-houſe, as plain as it was ſolitary, where ſhe propoſed to come ſometimes to mourn the errors and misfortunes of her youth. Time the aſſiduities of Fonroſe, the fruits of her ſecond marriage, have ſince opened her ſoul to the impreſſions of a new affection; and they cite her as an example of a woman, remarkable and reſpectable even in her infidelity.

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## COMPARISON OF CICERO AND DEMOSTHENES.

[BLAIR.]

ON the ſubject of comparing Cicero and Demoſthenes, much has been ſaid by critical writers. The different

different manners of theſe two princes of eloquence, and the diſtinguiſhing character of each, are ſo ſtrongly marked in their writings, that the compariſon is, in many reſpects, obvious and eaſy. The character of Demoſthenes is vigour and auſterity; that of Cicero is gentleneſs and inſinuation. In the one, you find more manlineſs; in the other, more ornament. The one is more harſh, but more ſpirited and cogent; the other more agreeable, but withal, looſer and weaker.

To account for this difference, without any prejudice to Cicero, it has been ſaid, that we muſt look to the nature of their different auditories; that the refined Athenians followed with eaſe the conciſe and convincing eloquence of Demoſthenes; but that a manner more popular, more flowery, and declamatory, was requiſite in ſpeaking to the Romans, a people leſs acute, and leſs acquainted with the arts of ſpeech. But this is not ſatisfactory. For we muſt obſerve, that the Greek orator ſpoke much oftener before a mixed multitude, than the Roman. Almoſt all the public buſineſs of Athens was tranſacted in popular aſſemblies. The common people were his hearers, and his judges. Whereas Cicero generally addreſſed himſelf to the "Patres Conſcripti," or, in criminal trials, to the Prætor, and the Select Judges; and it cannot be imagined, that the perſons of higheſt rank and beſt educatian in Rome, required a more diffuſe manner of pleading than the common citizens of Athens, in order to make them underſtand

derſtand the cauſe, or reliſh the ſpeaker. Perhaps we ſhall come nearer the truth, by obſerving, that to unite together all the qualities, without the leaſt exception, that form a perfect orator, and to excel equally in each of thoſe qualities, is not to be expected from the limited powers of human genius. The higheſt degree of ſtrength is, I ſuſpect, never found united with the higheſt degree of ſmoothneſs and ornament: equal attentions to both are incompatible; and the genius that carries ornament to its utmoſt length, is not of ſuch a kind, as can excel as much in vigour. For there plainly lies the characteriſtical difference between theſe two celebrated orators.

It is a diſadvantage to Demoſthenes, that, beſides his conciſeneſs, which ſometimes produces obſcurity, the language, in which he writes, is leſs familiar to moſt of us than Latin, and that we are leſs acquainted with the Greek antiquities than we are with the Roman. We read Cicero with more eaſe, and of courſe with more pleaſure. Independant of this circumſtance too, he is no doubt, in himſelf, a more agreeable writer than the other. But notwithſtanding this advantage, I am of opinion, that were the ſtate in danger, or ſome great public intereſt at ſtake, which drew the ſerious attention of men, an oration in the ſpirit and ſtrain of Demoſthenes would have more weight, and produce greater effect effects, than one in the Ciceronian manner. Were Demoſthenes's Philippics ſpoken in a Britiſh aſ-

ſembly,

ſembly, in a ſimilar conjuncture of affairs, they would convince and perſuade at this day. The rapid ſtyle, the vehement reaſoning, the diſdain, anger, boldneſs, freedom, which perpetually animate them, would render their ſucceſs infallible over any modern aſſembly. I queſtion whether the ſame can be ſaid of Cicero's orations; whoſe eloquence, however beautiful, and however well ſuited to the Roman taſte, yet borders oftener on declamation, and is more remote from the manner in which we now expect to hear real buſineſs and cauſes of importance treated.

In comparing Demoſthenes and Cicero, moſt of the French critics incline to give the preference to the latter. P. Rapin the Jeſuit, in the parallels which he has drawn between ſome of the moſt eminent Greek and Roman writers, uniformly decides in favour of the Roman. For the preference which he gives to Cicero, he aſſigns and lays ſtreſs on one reaſon of a pretty extraordinary nature; viz. that Demoſthenes could not poſſibly have ſo complete an inſight as Cicero into the manners and paſſions of men; Why?—Becauſe he had not the advantage of peruſing Ariſtotle's treatiſe of Rhetoric, wherein, ſays our critic, he has fully laid open that myſtery: and, to ſupport this weighty argument, he enters into a controverſy with A. Gellius, in order to prove that Ariſtotle's Rhetoric was not publiſhed till after Demoſthenes had ſpoken, at leaſt, his moſt conſiderable orations. Nothing can be more childiſh. Such orators

orators as Cicero and Demoſthenes, derived their knowledge of the human paſſions, and their power of moving them, from higher ſources than any treatiſe of rhetoric. One French critic has indeed departed from the common track; and, after beſtowing on Cicero thoſe juſt praiſes, to which the conſent of ſo many ages ſhews him to be entitled, concludes, however, with giving the palm to Demoſthenes. This is Fenelon, the famous archbiſhop of Cambray, and author of Telemachus; himſelf, ſurely, no enemy to all the graces and and flowers of compoſition. It is in his Reflections on Rhetoric and Poetry, that he gives this judgment; a ſmall tract, commonly publiſhed along with his Dialogues on Eloquence. Theſe dialogues and reflections are particularly worthy of perufal, as containing I think, the juſteſt ideas on the ſubject, that are to be met with in any modern critical writer.

## HANNIBAL TO SCIPIO AFRICANUS,

AT THEIR INTERVIEW PRECEDING

*The Battle of Zama.*

[HOOKE.]

SInce fate has ſo ordained it, that I, who began the war, and who have been ſo often on the point of ending it by a compleat conqueſt, ſhould now come of my own motion to aſk a peace; I am glad that it is of you, Scipio; I have the fortune to aſk it. Nor will this

this be among the leaſt of your glories, that Hannibal, victorious over ſo many Roman generals, ſubmitted at laſt to you.

I could wiſh, that our fathers and we had confined our ambition within the limits which nature ſeems to have preſcribed to it; the ſhores of Africa, and the ſhores of Italy. The gods did not give us that mind. On both ſides we have been ſo eager after foreign poſſeſſions, as to put our own to the hazard of war. Rome and Carthage have had, each in her turn, the enemy at her gates. But ſince errors paſt may be more eaſily blamed than corrected, let it now be the work of you and me to put an end, if poſſible, to the obſtinate contention. For my own part, my years, and the experience I have had of the inſtability of fortune, inclines me to leave nothing to her determination, which reaſon can decide. But much I fear, Scipio, that your youth, your want of the like experience, your uninterrupted ſucceſs, may render you averſe from the thoughts of peace. He whom fortune has never failed rarely reflects upon her inconſtancy. Yet, without recurring to former examples, my own may perhaps ſuffice to teach you moderation. I am that ſame Hannibal, who, after my victory at Cannæ, became maſter of the greateſt part of your country, and deliberated with myſelf what fate I ſhould decree to Italy and Rome. And now—ſee the change! Here, in Africa, I am come to treat with a Roman, for my own preſervation

and my country's. Such are the ſports of fortune. Is ſhe then to be truſted becauſe ſhe ſmiles? An advantageous peace is preferable to the hope of victory. The one is in your own power, the other at the pleaſure of the gods. Should you prove victorious, it would add little to your own glory, or the glory of your country; if vanquiſhed, you loſe in one hour all the honour and reputation you have been ſo many years acquiring. But what is my aim in all this?—that you ſhould content yourſelf with our ceſſion of Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, and all the iſlands between Italy and Africa. A peace on theſe conditions will, in my opinion, not only ſecure the future tranquility of Carthage, but be ſufficiently glorious for you, and for the Roman name. And do not tell me, that ſome of our citizens dealt fraudulently with you in the late treaty—it is I, Hannibal, that now aſk a peace: I aſk it, becauſe I think it expedient for my country; and, thinking it expediant I will inviolably maintain it.

## SCIPIO's ANSWER.

[HOOKE.]

I Knew very well, Hannibal, that it was the hope of your return which emboldened the Carthaginians to break the truce with us, and to lay aſide all thoughts of a peace, when it was juſt upon the point of being concluded; and your preſent propoſal is a proof of it. You retrench from their conceſſions every thing but what

what we are, and have been long, poſſeſſed of. But as it is your care that your fellow-citizens ſhould have the obligations to you of being eaſed from a great part of their burden, ſo it ought to be mine that they draw no advantage from their perfidiouſneſs. Nobody is more ſenſible than I am of the weakneſs of man, and the power of fortune, and that whatever we enterprize is ſubject to a thouſand chances. If, before the Romans paſſed into Africa, you had of your own accord quitted Italy, and made the offers you now make, I believe they would not have been rejected. But as you have been forced out of Italy, and we are maſters here of the open country, the ſituation of things is much altered. And, what is chiefly to be conſidered, the Carthaginians, by the late treaty which we entered into at their requeſt, were, over and above what you offer, to have reſtored to us our priſoners without ranſom, delivered up their ſhips of war, paid us five thouſand talents, and to have given hoſtages for the performance of all. The ſenate accepted theſe conditions, but Carthage failed on her part; Carthage deceived us. What then is to be done? Are the Carthaginians to be releaſed from the moſt important articles of the treaty as a reward of their breach of faith? No, certainly. If, to the conditions before agreed upon, you had added ſome new articles to our advantage, there would have been matter of reference to the Roman people; but when, inſtead of adding, you retrench, there is no room for deliberation. The Carthaginians therefore muſt ſubmit to us at diſcretion, or muſt vanquiſh us in battle.

THE

## STORY OF A DISABLED SOLDIER.

[GOLDSMITH.]

NO obſervation is more common, and at the ſame time more true, than, That one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention: are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble ſufferers: the great, under the preſſure of calamity, are conſcious of ſeveral others ſympathizing with their diſtreſs; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in ſuch circumſtances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obſcurity, can brave adverſity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquility and indifference, is truly great; whether peaſant or courtier, he deſerves admiration, and ſhould be held up for our imitation and reſpect.

While the ſlighteſt inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their ſufferings in all the ſtrains of eloquence; the miſeries

feries of the poor are entirely diſregarded; and yet ſome of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardſhips in one day than thoſe of a more exalted ſtation ſuffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meaneſt of our common ſailors and ſoldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without paſſionately declaiming againſt Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of miſery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardſhips, whoſe greateſt calamity was that of being unable to viſit a certain ſpot of earth, to which they had fooliſhly attached an idea of happineſs! Their diſtreſſes were pleaſures compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and ſlept; they had ſlaves to attend them; and were ſure of ſubſiſtence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or aſſiſt them, and even without ſhelter from the ſeverity of the ſeaſon.

I have been led into theſe reflections from accidentally meeting, ſome days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dreſſed in a ſailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honeſt and induſtrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what

had reduced him to his preſent ſituation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I deſired to know the hiſtory of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his preſent diſtreſs. The diſabled ſoldier, for ſuch he was, though dreſſed in a ſailor's habit, ſcratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himſelf into an attitude to comply with my requeſt, and gave me his hiſtory as follows :

" As for my misfortunes, maſter, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks ; for, except the loſs of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reaſon, thank Heaven, that I have to complain : there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has loſt both his legs, and an eye to boot ; but, thank Heaven, it is not ſo bad with me yet.

I was born in Shropſhire ; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old ; ſo I was put upon the pariſh. As he had been a wandering ſort of a man, the pariſhioners were not able to tell to what pariſh I belonged, or where I was born, ſo they ſent me to another pariſh, and that pariſh ſent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept ſending me about ſo long, that they would not let me be born in any pariſh at all ; but at laſt, however, they fixed me. I had ſome diſpoſition to be a ſcholar, and was reſolved, at leaſt, to know my letters ; but the maſter of the work-houſe put me to buſineſs as ſoon as I was able to handle a mallet ; and here I lived an eaſy kind of life for five years.

years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not ſuffered to ſtir out of the houſe, for fear, as they ſaid, I ſhould run away; but what of that, I had the liberty of the whole houſe, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my buſineſs well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myſelf; ſo I was reſolved to go ſeek my fortune.

In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and ſtarved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a juſtice of peace, I ſpy'd a hare croſſing the path juſt before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my ſtick at it:—well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the juſtice himſelf met me; he called me a poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, deſired I would give an account of myſelf. I fell upon my knees, begged his worſhip's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, ſeed, and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the juſtice ſaid I could give no account; ſo I was indicted at ſeſſions, found guilty of being poor, and ſent up to London to Newgate, in order to be tranſported as a vagabond.

People

People may ſay this and that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my belly-full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to laſt for ever; ſo I was taken out of priſon, after five months, put on board a ſhip, and ſent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent paſſage, for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of ſweet air; and thoſe that remained were ſickly enough, God knows. When we came a-ſhore, we were ſold to the planters, and I was bound for ſeven years more. As I was no ſcholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I ſerved out my time, as in duty bound to do.

When my time was expired, I worked my paſſage home, and glad I was to ſee Old England again, becauſe I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I ſhould be indicted for a vagabond once more, ſo I did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

I was very happy in this manner for ſome time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then deſired me to ſtand. They belonged to a preſs-gang: I was caaried before the juſtice, and, as I could give no account of myſelf, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or

liſt

liſt for a ſoldier: I choſe the latter; and, in this poſt of a gentleman, I ſerved two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breaſt here; but the doctor of our regiment ſoon made me well again.

When the peace came on I was diſcharged; and, as I could not work, becauſe my wound was ſometimes troubleſome, I liſted for a landman in the Eaſt India company's ſervice. I have fought the French in ſix pitched battles; and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I ſoon fell ſick, and ſo got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the preſent war, and I hoped to be ſet on ſhore, and to have the pleaſure of ſpending my money; but the government wanted men, and ſo I was preſſed for a ſailor before ever I could ſet foot on ſhore.

The boatſwain found me, as he ſaid, an obſtinate fellow: he ſwore he knew that I underſtood my buſineſs well, but that I ſhammed Abraham, to be idle; but, God knows, I knew nothing of ſea-buſineſs, and he beat me, without conſidering what he was about. I had ſtill, however, my forty pounds, and that was ſome comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ſhip was taken by the French, and ſo I loſt all.

Our

Our crew was carried into Breſt, and many of them died becauſe they were not uſed to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was ſeaſoned. One night, as I was aſleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatſwain, who had a dark lanthorn in his hand: 'Jack,' ſays he to me, 'will you knock out the French centry's brains?' 'I don't care,' ſays I ſtriving to keep myſelf awake. 'if I lend a hand.' 'Then follow me,' ſays he, 'and I hope we ſhall do buſineſs.' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the cloaths I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, becauſe they are all ſlaves, and wear wooden ſhoes.

Though we had no arms, one Engliſhman is able to beat five French at any time; ſo we went down to the door, where, both the centries were poſted, and, ruſhing upon them, ſeized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and ſeizing the firſt boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to ſea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorſet privateer, who were glad of ſo many good hands, and we conſented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty three; ſo to it we

we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight laſted for three hours, and I verily believe we ſhould have taken the Frenchman, had we but had ſome more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we loſt all our men juſt as we were going to get the victory.

I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Breſt; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper, I had almoſt forgot to tell you that, in that engagement I was wounded in two places: I loſt four fingers off the left hand, and my leg was ſhot off. If I had had the good fortune to have loſt my leg and uſe of my hand on board a king's ſhip, and not a-board a privateer, I ſhould have been entitled to cloathing and maintenance during the reſt of my life! but that was not my chance: one man is born with a ſilver ſpoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, bleſſed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza!"

Thus ſaying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intripedity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, than an habitual acquaintance with miſery ſerves better than philoſophy to teach us to deſpiſe it.

PATIENCE

## PATIENCE EXEMPLIFIED

### IN THE STORY OF AN ASS.

[STERNE.]

I Was juſt receiving the dernier compliments of Monſieur Le Blanc, for a pleaſant voyage down the Rhone—when I was ſtopped at the gate—

'Twas by a poor aſs, who had juſt turned in with a a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemoſinary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and ſtood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inſide of the threſhold, and with his two hinder feet towards the ſtreet, as not knowing well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to ſtrike—there is a patient endurance of ſufferings, wrote ſo unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads ſo mightily for him, that it always diſarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to ſpeak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—I have ever ſomething civil to ſay to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I) —I generally fall into converſation with him; and ſurely never is my imagination ſo buſy as in framing his reſponſes from the etchings of his countenance—

and

and where thoſe carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his, and ſeeing what is natural for an aſs to think—as well as a man, upon the occaſion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the claſſes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jackdaws, &c.—I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the ſame reaſon; they act by rote, as the others ſpeak by it, and equally make me ſilent: nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and for my dog, he would ſpeak if he could)—yet, ſomehow or other, they neither of them poſſeſs the talents for converſation—I can make nothing of a diſcourſe with them, beyond the propoſition, the reply, and rejoinder, which terminated my father's and my mother's converſations, in his beds of juſtice—and thoſe uttered—there's an end of the dialogue——

——But with an aſs, I can commune for ever.

Come, Honeſty! ſaid I—ſeeing it was impracticable to paſs betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in, or going out?

The aſs twiſted his head round to look up the ſtreet—

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver.

——He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wiſtfully the oppoſite way——

I underſtand thee perfectly, anſwered I—if thou takeſt a wrong ſtep in this affair, he will cudgel thee to

death—Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it ſaves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it ſhall not be ſet down as ill-ſpent.

He was eating the ſtem of an artichoke as this diſcourſe went on, and in the litt'e peeviſh contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unſavourineſs, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again—God help thee, Jack! ſaid I, thou haſt a bitter breakfaſt on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—'tis all—all bitterneſs to thee, whatever life is to others.—And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare ſay, as ſoot—(for he had caſt aſide the ſtem) and thou haſt not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.—In ſaying this, I pulled out a paper of them, which I had juſt purchaſed and gave him one—and at this momemt that I am telling it, my heart ſmites me, that there was more of pleaſantry in the conceit, of ſeeing how an aſs would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one which preſided in the act.

When the aſs had eaten his macaroon, I preſs'd him to come in—the poor beaſt was heavy loaded—his legs ſeem'd to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and, as I pulled at his halter, it broke ſhort in my hand—he look'd up penſive in my face—"'Don't thraſh me with it—but if you will, you may."—If I do, ſaid I, I'll be d——d,

The

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abbeſs of Andouillets—(ſo there was no ſin in it—when a perſon coming in, let fall a thundering baſtinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

OUT UPON IT!

cried I—but the interjection was equivocal—and, I think, wrong placed too—for the end of an oſier, which had ſtarted out from the contexture of the aſs's pannier, had caught hold of my breeches pocket as he ruſhed by me, and rent it in the moſt diſaſtrous direction you can imagine—ſo that the *Out upon it!* in my opinion ſhould have come in here.

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## JUNIUS BRUTUS OVER THE DEAD BODY OF LUCRETIA,

### WHO HAD STABBED HERSELF.

*In conſequence of the Rape of Tarquin.*

[LIVY.]

YES, noble lady, I ſwear by this blood which was once ſo pure, and which nothing but royal villainy could have polluted, that I will purſue Lucius Tarquinius the Proud, his wicked wife, and their children, with fire and ſword: nor will I ſuffer any of that family, or of any other whatſoever, to be king in Rome—Ye Gods, I call you to witneſs this my oath!

There, Romans, turn your eyes to that ſad ſpectacle! —the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus's wife—ſhe died by her own hand! See there a noble lady, whom the luſt of a Tarquin reduced to the neceſſity of being her own executioner, to atteſt her innocence. Hoſpitably entertained by her as a kinſman of her huſband, Sextus, the perfidious gueſt, became her brutal raviſher, The chaſte, the generous Lucretia could not ſurvive the inſult. Glorious woman! but once only treated as a ſlave, ſhe thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a woman, diſdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will; and ſhall we, ſhall men, with ſuch an example before our eyes, and after five-and-twenty years of ignominious ſervitude, ſhall we, through a fear of dying, defer one ſingle inſtant to aſſert our liberty? No, Romans;- now is the time; the favourable moment we have ſo long waited for is come. Tarquin is not at Rome: the Patricians are at the head of the enterprize: the city is abundantly provided with men, arms, and all things neceſſary. There is nothing wanting to ſecure the ſucceſs, if our own courage does not fail us, And ſhall thoſe warriors who have ever been ſo brave when foreign enemies were to be ſubdued or when conqueſts were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver themſelves from ſlavery?

Some of you are perhaps intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands: the ſoldiers, you imagine,

gine, will take the part of their general. Baniſh ſuch a groundleſs fear: the love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppreſſion with as quick a ſenſe as you that are in Rome; they will as eagerly ſeize the occaſion of throwing off the yoke. But let us grant there may be ſome among them who, through baſeneſs of ſpirit, or a bad education, will be diſpoſed to favour the tyrant: the number of theſe can be but ſmall, and we have means ſufficient in our hands to reduce them to reaſon. They have left us hoſtages more dear to them than life; their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are here in the city. Courage, Romans, the gods are for us; thoſe gods, whoſe temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by ſacrifices and libations made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with numberleſs unexpiated crimes committed againſt his ſubjects.

Ye gods, who protected our forefathers! ye genii, who watch for the preſervation and glory of Rome! do you inſpire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cauſe, and we will to our laſt breath defend your worſhip from all profanation.

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## THE BUSINESS AND QUALIFICATIONS OF A POET DESCRIBED.

[JOHNSON.]

"WHEREVER I went, I found that poetry was conſidered as the higheſt learning, and

regarded with a veneration ſomewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the angelic nature. And it yet fills me with wonder, that, in almoſt all countries, the moſt ancient poets are conſidered as the beſt: whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquiſition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the firſt poetry of every nation ſurpriſed them as a novelty, and retained the credit by conſent which it received by accident at firſt: or whether, as the province of poetry is to deſcribe nature and paſſion, which are always the ſame, the firſt writers took poſſeſſion of the moſt ſtriking objects for deſcription, and the moſt probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to thoſe that followed them, but tranſcriptions of the ſame events, and new combinations of the ſame images. Whatever be the reaſon, it is commonly obſerved, that the early writers are in poſſeſſion of nature, and their followers of art: that the firſt excel in ſtrength and invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement.

I was deſirous to add my name to this illuſtrious fraternity. I read all the poets of Perſia and Arabia, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are ſuſpended in the moſque of Mecca. But I ſoon found that no man was ever great by imitation. My deſire of excellence impelled me to tranſfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my ſubject, and men

men to be my auditors: I could never deſcribe what I had not ſeen: I could not hope to move thoſe with delight or terror, whoſe intereſts and opinions I did not underſtand.

Being now reſolved to be a poet, I ſaw every thing with a new purpoſe; my ſphere of attention was ſuddenly magnified: no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and deſerts for images and reſemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the foreſt and flower of the valley. I obſerved with equal care the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and ſometimes watched the changes of the ſummer clouds. To a poet nothing can be uſeleſs. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, muſt be familiar to his imagination: he muſt be converſant with all that is awfully vaſt or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the ſky, muſt all concur to ſtore his mind with inexhauſtable variety: for every idea is uſeful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he, who knows moſt, will have moſt power of diverſifying his ſcenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote alluſions and unexpected inſtruction.

All the appearances of nature I was therefore careful to ſtudy, and every country which I have ſurveyed has contributed ſomething to my poetical powers."

In

"In ſo wide a ſurvey," ſaid the prince, "you muſt ſurely have left much unobſerved. I have lived, till now, within the circuit of theſe mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the ſight of ſomething which I never beheld before, or never heeded."

"The buſineſs of a poet," ſaid Imlac, is to examine not the individual, but the ſpecies; to remark general properties and large appearances: he does not number the ſtreaks of the tulip, or deſcribe the different ſhades in the verdure of the foreſt. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature ſuch prominent and ſtriking features, as recal the original to every mind; and muſt neglect the minuter diſcriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for thoſe characteriſtics which are alike obvious to vigilance and careleſſneſs.

But the knowledge of nature is only half the taſk of a poet; he muſt be acquainted likewiſe with all the modes of life. His character requires that he eſtimate the happineſs and miſery of every condition, obſerve the power of all the paſſions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various inſtitutions, and accidental influences of climate or cuſtom, from the ſprightlineſs of infancy to the deſpondence of decrepitude. He muſt diveſt himſelf of the prejudices of his age or country; he muſt conſider right and wrong in their abſtract and invariable

invariable ſtate; he muſt diſregard preſent laws and opinions, and riſe to general and tranſcendental truths, which will always be the ſame: he muſt therefore content himſelf with the ſlow progreſs of his name; contemn the applauſe of his own time, and commit his claims to the juſtice of poſterity. He muſt write as the interpreter of nature, and the legiſlator of mankind, and conſider himſelf as preſiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations, as a being ſuperior to time and place."

His labour is not yet at an end: he muſt know many languages and many ſciences; and, that his ſtyle may be worthy of his thoughts, muſt be inceſſant practice familiarize to himſelf every delicacy of ſpeech and grace of harmony."

## ON PEDANTRY.

[THORNTON.]

Sir,

TO diſplay the leaſt ſymptom of learning, or to ſeem to know more than your footman, is become an offence againſt the rules of politeneſs, and is branded with the name of pedantry and ill-breeding. The very ſound of a Roman or a Grecian name, or a hard name, as the ladies call it, though their own perhaps are harder by half, is enough to diſconcert the temper of a dozen

dozen counteſſes, and to ſtrike a whole aſſembly of fine gentlemen dumb with amazement.

This ſqueamiſhneſs of theirs is owing to their averſion to pedantry, which they underſtand to be a ſort of muſtineſs that can only be contracted in a recluſe and a ſtudious life, and a foible peculiar to men of letters. But if a ſtrong attachment to a particular ſubject, a total ignorance of every other, an eagerneſs to introduce that ſubject upon all occaſions, and a confirmed habit of declaiming upon it without either wit or diſcretion, be the marks of a pedantic character, as they certainly are, it belongs to the illiterate as well as the learned; and St. James's itſelf may boaſt of producing as arrant pedants as were ever ſent forth from a college.

I know a woman of faſhion who is perpetually employed in remarks upon the weather, who obſerves from morning to noon that it is likely to rain, and from noon to night that it ſpits, that it miſles, that it is ſet in for a wet evening; and, being incapable of any other diſcourſe, is as inſipid a companion, and juſt as pedantic, as he who quotes Ariſtotle over his tea, or talks Greek at a card-table.

A gentleman of my acquaintance is a conſtant attendant upon parliamentary buſineſs, and I have heard him entertain a large circle, by the hour, with the ſpeeches that were made in a debate upon mum and perry. He has a wonderful memory, and a kind of oratorical

oratorical tune in his elocution, that ſerves him inſtead of an emphaſis. By thoſe means he has acquired the reputation of having a deal to ſay for himſelf; but as it conſiſts entirely of what others have ſaid for themſelves before him, and if he ſhould be deaf during the ſeſſions, he would certainly be dumb in the intervals, I muſt needs ſet him down for a pedant.

But the moſt troubleſome, as well as moſt dangerous character of this ſort that I am ſo unhappy as to be connected with, is a ſtripling, who ſpends his whole life in a fencing ſchool. This athletic young pedant is, indeed a moſt formidable creature; his whole converſation lies in *Quart* and *Tierce*; if you meet him in the ſtreet, he ſalutes you in the gymnaſtic manner, throws himſelf back upon his left hip, levels his cane at the pit of your ſtomach, and looks as fierce as a prize-fighter. In the midſt of a diſcourſe upon politics, he ſtarts from the table on a ſudden, and ſplits himſelf into a monſtrous lounge againſt the wainſcot; immediately he puts a foil into your hand, inſiſts upon teaching you his murthering thruſt, and if, in the courſe of his inſtructions, he puſhes out an eye or a fore-tooth, he tells you, that you *ſlapp'd your point*, or *dropp'd your wriſt*, and imputes all the miſchief to the awkwardneſs of his pupil.

The muſical pedant, who, inſtead of attending to the diſcourſe, diverts himſelf with humming an air, or, if he ſpeaks, expreſſes himſelf in the language of the orcheſtra; the Newmarket pedant, who has no knowledge

ledge but what he gathers upon the turf; the female pedant, who is an adept in nothing but the patterns of ſilks and flounces; and the coffee-houſe pedant, whoſe whole erudition lies within the margin of a news-paper, are nuiſances ſo extremely common, that it is almoſt unneceſſary to mention them. Yet, pedants as they are, they ſhelter themſelves under the faſhionableneſs of their foible, and, with all the properties of the character, generally eſcape the imputation of it. In my opinion, however, they deſerve our cenſure more than the mereſt book-worm imaginable. The man of letters is uſually confined to his ſtudy, and having but little pleaſure in converſing with men of the world, does not intrude himſelf into their company: theſe unlearned pedants, on the contrary, are to be met with every where; they have nothing to do but to run about and be troubleſome, and are univerſally the bane of agreeable converſation. I am, Sir, &c.

## HEALTH.

[STERNE.]

O Bleſſed health! thou art above all gold and treaſure; 'tis thou who enlargeſt the ſoul,—and openeſt all its powers to receive inſtruction, and to reliſh virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wiſh for! and he that is ſo wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

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THE

# WAY TO WEALTH,

*As clearly ſhewn in the Preface of an old Penſylvani an Almanack, intitled,*

"POOR RICHARD IMPROVED."

[FRANKLIN.]

Courteous Reader,

I Have heard, that nothing gives an author ſo great pleaſure, as to find his works, reſpectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I muſt have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I ſtopped my horſe, lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants goods. the hour of the ſale not being come, they were converſing on the badneſs of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, "Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not thoſe heavy taxes quite ruin the country? how ſhall we be ever able to pay them? What would you adviſe us to?"—Father Abraham ſtood up, and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in ſhort; "for a word to the wiſe is enough," as poor Richard ſays," They joined in deſiring him to ſpeak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows *:



* *Dr. Franklin, wiſhing to collect into one piece all the ſayings upon the following ſubjects, which he hath dropped*

"Friends" ſays he, "the taxes are, indeed, very heavy; and, if thoſe laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might the more eaſily diſcharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to ſome of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleneſs, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from theſe taxes the commiſſioners cannot eaſe or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and ſomething may be done for us; "God helps them that help themſelves," as Poor Richard ſays.

I. "It would be thought a hard government that ſhould tax its people one-tenth part of their time to be employed in its ſervice: but idleneſs taxes many of us much more; ſloth, by bringing on diſeaſes, abſolutely ſhortens life. "Sloth, like ruſt, conſumes faſter than labour wears, while the uſed key is always bright,"

as

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*ped in the courſe of publiſhing the Almanacks called Poor Richard, introduces father Abraham for this purpoſe. Hence it is that Poor Richard is ſo often quoted, and that, in the preſent title, he is ſaid to be improved,—Notwithſtanding the ſtroke of humour in the concluding paragraph of this addreſs, Poor Richard (Saunders) and father Abraham have proved, in America, that they are no common preachers.—And ſhall we, brother Engliſhmen, refuſe good ſenſe and ſaving knowledge, becauſe it comes from the other ſide of the water?*

as Poor Richard ſays.—"But doſt thou love life, then do not ſquander time, for that is the ſtuff life is made of," as Poor Richard ſays. —— How much more then is neceſſary do we ſpend in ſleep! forgetting that "The ſleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be ſleeping enough in the grave," as Poor Richard ſays.

"If time be of all things the moſt precious, wâſting time muſt be," as Poor Richard ſays, "the greateſt prodigality;" ſince, as he elſewhere tells us, "Loſt time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough." Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpoſe: ſo by diligence ſhall we do more with leſs perplexity. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but induſtry all eaſy; and he that riſeth late, muſt trot all day, and ſhall ſcarce overtake his buſineſs at night; while lazineſs travels ſo ſlowly, that poverty ſoon overtakes him. Drive thy buſineſs, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to riſe, makes a man healthy, wealty, and wiſe," as Poor Richard ſays.

"So what ſignifies wiſhing and hoping for better times? We may make theſe times better, if we beſtir ourſelves. "Induſtry need not wiſh, and he that lives upon hope will die faſting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands," or, if I have, they are ſmartly taxed. "He that hath a trade, hath an eſtate; and he that hath a calling,

hath an office of profit and honour," as Poor Richard ſays; but then the trade muſt be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the eſtate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes.—If we are induſtrious we ſhall never ſtarve; for, " at the working man's houſe hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff or the conſtable enter, for, " induſtry pays debts, while deſpair encreaſeth them." What though you have found no treaſure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, " Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to induſtry. Then plow deep, while ſluggards ſleep, and you ſhall have corn to ſell and to keep." Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. " One day is worth two to-morrows," as Poor Richard ſays; and farther, " Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day."—If you were a ſervant, would you not be aſhamed that a good maſter ſhould catch you idle? Are you then your own maſter? be aſhamed to catch yourſelf idle, when there is ſo much to be done for yourſelf, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens: remember, that " The cat in gloves catches no mice," as Poor Richard ſays. It is true, there is much to be done, and, perhaps, you are weak-handed; but ſtick to it ſteadily, and you will ſee great effects; for " Conſtant dropping wears away ſtones: and by diligence and patience the mouſe ate in two the cable; and little ſtrokes fell great oaks."

" Methinks

"Methinks I hear ſome of you ſay, "muſt a man afford himſelf no leiſure?" I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard ſays; "Employ thy time well, if thou meaneſt to gain leiſure; and, ſince thou art not ſure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leiſure is time for doing ſomething uſeful; this leiſure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for, "A life of leiſure and a life of lazineſs are two things. Many, without labour would, live by their wits only but they break for want of ſtock;" whereas induſtry gives comfort, and plenty, and reſpect. "Fly pleaſures, and they will follow you. The diligent ſpinner has a large ſhift; and now I have ſheep and a cow, every body bids me good morrow."

II. "But with our induſtry we muſt likewiſe be ſteady, ſettled, and careful, and overſee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not truſt too much to others; for, as Poor Richard ſays,

"I never ſaw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve ſo well as thoſe that ſettled be."

"And again," Three removes is as bad as a fire:" and again, "Keep thy ſhop, and thy ſhop will keep thee:" and again, "If you will have your buſineſs done, go; if not, ſend." And again,

"He that by the plough would thrive,
Himſelf muſt either hold or drive."

"And again, "The eye of the maſter will do more work than both his hands:" and again, "Want of care

does us more damage than the want of knowledge:" and again, "Not to overſee workmen, is to leave them your purſe open." Truſting too much to others care is the ruin of many; for, "In the affairs of this world, men are ſaved, not by faith, but by the want of it:" but a man's own care is profitable; for, "If you would have a faithful ſervant, and one that you like,—ſerve yourſelf. A little neglect may breed great miſchief; for want of a nail the ſhoe was loſt; for want of a ſhoe the horſe was loſt; and for want of a horſe the rider was loſt," being overtaken and ſlain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horſe-ſhoe nail.

III. "So much for induſtry, my friends, and attention to one's own buſineſs; but to theſe we muſt add frugality, if we would make our induſtry more certainly ſucceſsful. A man may, if he knows not how to ſave as he gets, "keep his noſe all his life to the grindſtone, and die not worth a groat at laſt. A fat kitchen makes a lean will;" and,

"Many eſtates are ſpent in the getting,
Since women for tea forſook ſpinning and knitting,
And men for punch forſook hewing and ſplitting."

"If you would be wealthy, think of ſaving, as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, becauſe her out-goes are greater than her incomes."

"Away,

"Away, then, with your expenſive follies, and you will not then have ſo much cauſe to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

"Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth ſmall, and the want great."

And farther, "What maintains one vice, would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more coſtly, cloaths a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be great matter; but remember, "Many a little makes a mickle." Beware of little expences; "A ſmall leak will ſink a great ſhip," as Poor Richard ſays; and again, "Who dainties love, ſhall beggars prove;" and moreover, "Fools make feaſts, and wiſe men eat them." Here you are all got together to this ſale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them goods; but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to ſome of you. You expect they they will be ſold cheap, and, perhaps, they may for leſs than they coſt; but, if you have no occaſion for them, they muſt be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard ſays, "Buy what thou haſt no need of, and ere long thou ſhalt ſell thy neceſſaries. And again, "At a great pennyworth pauſe a while:" he means, that perhaps the cheapneſs is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by ſtraitening thee in thy buſineſs, may do the more harm than good. For in another place he ſays, "Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths." Again, "It is fooliſh to

lay

lay out money in a purchaſe of repentance; and yet this folly is practiſed every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many a one, for the ſake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half ſtarved their families; "Silks and ſattins, ſcarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen-fire," as Poor Richard ſays. Theſe are not the neceſſaries of life; they can ſcarcely be called the conveniences: and yet only becauſe they look pretty, how many want to have them?—By theſe, and other extravagancies, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of thoſe whom they formerly deſpiſed, but who, through induſtry and frugality, have maintained their ſtanding; in which caſe it appears plainly, that "A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard ſays. Perhaps they have had a ſmall eſtate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think "It is day, and will never be night:" that a little to be ſpent out of ſo much is not worth minding; but "Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, ſoon comes to the bottom," as Poor Richard ſays; and then, "When the well is dry, they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. "If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow ſome; for he that goes a borrowing, goes a ſorrowing," as Poor Richard ſays; and, indeed, ſo does he that lends to ſuch people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick farther adviſes and ſays,

"Fond

" Fond pride of dreſs is ſure a very curſe,
Ere fancy you conſult, conſult your purſe."

And again, " Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more ſaucy." When you have bought one fine thing, you muſt buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick ſays, " It is eaſier to ſuppreſs the firſt deſire, than to ſatisfy all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to ſwell, in order to equal the ox.

" Veſſels large may venture more,
But little boats ſhould keep near ſhore."

It is, however, a folly ſoon puniſhed; for, as Poor Richard ſays, " Pride that dines on vanity, ſups on contempt; — Pride breakfaſted with plenty, dined with poverty, and ſupped with infamy." And, after all of what uſe is this pride of appearance, for which ſo much is riſked, ſo much is ſuffered? It cannot promote health, nor eaſe pain; it makes no increaſe of merit in the perſon, it creates envy, it haſtens misfortune.

" But what madneſs it muſt be to run in debt for thoſe ſuperfluities? We are offered, by the terms of this ſale, ſix months credit; and that, perhaps, has induced ſome of us to attend it, becauſe we cannot ſpare the ready money, and hope now to be be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty,

berty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be aſhamed to ſee your creditor; you will be in fear when you ſpeak to him; you will make poor pitiful ſneaking excuſes, and, by degrees, come to loſe your veracity, and ſink into baſe, downright lying; for "The ſecond vice is lying, the firſt is running in debt," as Poor Richard ſays; and again, to the ſame purpoſe, "Lying rides upon Debt's back:" whereas a free-born Engliſhman ought not to aſhamed nor afraid to ſee or ſpeak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all ſpirit and virtue. "It is hard for an empty bag to ſtand upright."—What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who ſhould iſſue an edict forbidding you to dreſs like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of impriſonment or ſervitude? Would you not ſay that you were free, have a right to dreſs as you pleaſe, and that ſuch an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and ſuch a government tyrannical? and yet you are about to put youſelf under that tyranny, when you run in debt for dreſs! Your creditor has authority, at his pleaſure, to deprive you of your liberty, and by confining you in gaol for life, or by ſelling you for a ſervant, if you ſhould not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard ſays, "Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a ſuperſtitious ſect, great obſervers of ſet days and times." They

come

come round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to ſatisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at firſt ſeemed ſo long, will, as it leſſens, appear extremely ſhort: Time will ſeem to have added wings to his heels as well as his ſhoulders. "Thoſe have a ſhort Lent, who owe money to be paid at Eaſter." At preſent, perhaps, you may think yourſelves in thriving circumſtances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

"For age and want ſave while you may,
No morning-ſun laſts a whole day."

"Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever, while you live, expence is conſtant and certain; and "It is eaſier to build two chimneys, than to keep one in fuel," as Poor Richard ſays: So, "Rather go to bed ſupperleſs, than riſe in debt.

Get what you can, and what you get hold,
'Tis the ſtone that will turn all your lead into gold."

And when you have got the philoſopher's ſtone, ſure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

IV. "This doctrine, my friends, is reaſon and wiſdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own induſtry, and frugality, and prudence, tho' excellent things; for they may all be blaſted without the bleſſing of Heaven; and therefore, aſk that bleſſing humbly, and be not uncharitable to thoſe that at preſent

preſent ſeem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job ſuffered, and was afterwards proſperous.

"And now to conclude, "Experience, keeps a dear ſchool, but fools will learn in noother," as Poor Richard ſays, and ſcarce in that; forit is true, "We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct." However, remember this, "They that will not be counſelled cannot be helped;" and farther, that "If you will nor hear reaſon, ſhe will ſurely rap your knuckles," as Poor Richard ſays."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practiſed the contrary, juſt as if it had been a common ſermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly.—I found the good man had thoroughly ſtudied my Almanacks, and digeſted all I had dropt on thoſe topics during the courſe of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me muſt have tired any one elſe; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conſcious that not a tenth part of the wiſdom was my own, which he aſcribed to me; but rather the gleanings that I had made of the ſenſe of all ages and nations. However, I reſolved to be the better for the echo of it; and tho' I had at firſt determined to buy ſtuff for a new coat, I went away, reſolved to wear my old one a little longer.

Reader

Reader, if thou wilt do the ſame, thy profit will be as great as mine.—I am, as ever, thine to ſerve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

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# THE DANGEROUS EFFECTS OF A WRONG EDUCATION:

OR,

## THE FATAL CONTEST.

*A Genuine Narrative of an Authentic Story.*

[GRIFFITH.]

SOME years ago there lived in the city of Norwich a rich merchant, of a reſpectable family, of the name of Rawdon. At about the age of thirty he wedded a young lady with a good fortune, perfectly ſuited to his inclinations, ſituation, and other circumſtances of life. Happy in each other, they had nothing to wiſh for, or regret the want of, but an inheritor to their ample poſſeſſions.

This bleſſing was, however, with-held from them for the firſt eight or nine years of their marriage, when, to their mutual ſatisfaction, Mrs. Rawdon at length preſented her joyful huſband with a ſon. This long hoped-for gift of Heaven became now the ſole object of their joint care and attention; the ſummer's days ſeemed ſhort while ſpent in gazing on the welcome

gueſt; and the winter's nights were paſſed in contemplating the placidneſs of his countenance and harmony of his features, while he ſlept.

But the ſerenity of mind which they had before enjoyed, was now perpetually diſturbed by their apprehenſions about his health; and that domeſtic concord, in which they had been exemplary to all their acquaintance, became ſoon interrupted by a difference of opinion with regard to the mode of education which they ſhould in future adopt for their darling charge, and the various ſchemes they planned for their dear William's eſtabliſhment in life.

In one point, however, they happened both to agree; which was, never to thwart the inclinations of their pupil, or ſuffer him to be contradicted or controuled, upon any occaſion or pretence whatſoever. "For how, otherwiſe, were his natural diſpoſitions and real characters to be known, and his education, conſequently, be adapted to them? If ſenſe and virtue did not come with years, reſtraint could but render him a docile fool, or an artful hypocrite." Such maxims as theſe muſt undoubtedly be extremely hazardous, at leaſt; and could, even at beſt, have obtained him but the title of a book, written by the late M. Helvetius, ſtyled *The Child of Nature, improved by Chance*

It is reaſonable, therefore, to apprehend, that ſo ſtrange a ſcheme of conduct muſt have been attended with fatal

fatal effects in the experiment. The analogy of nature is observable throughout all its works. The beasts of the forest become savage for want of discipline only; the lands of the desert remain waste; because uncultivated; the trees of the wood run wild from neglect of pruning; and man is rendered savage, waste, and wild, without the discipline, the cultivation, and the prunings, of education.

From this reflection it may consequently be supposed that this weak, though well-meaning pair of preceptors must have rendered their pupil a perfect demon of ill-temper and caprice; but our *Sweet William* was happily endowed with a mild and gentle disposition, and amidst the large field of human vices and follies that were thus laid open to his adoption, he was infected with but one single and singular weed.

Children learn cunning sooner than sense; William quickly perceived the foible of his parents, and indulged himself in it to a surfeit. He was eager in pursuit of every childish toy that struck his fancy; but when once obtained, he from that moment became disgusted with the object he had before so ardently desired, would look on it with contempt or dislike, and cast it from him for any thing newer, though of inferior value. This *flaw* of youth "grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength," and marked the character and complexion of his future life throughout.

When arrived at the proper age for ſomething more than mere domeſtic inſtruction, his anxious parents, who could not bear to have him one moment out of their ſight, provided him with a ſenſible and indulgent tutor, under their own roof. But though William had ever before expreſſed a fond inclination for knowledge and learning, he now manifeſted a total diſregard for his maſter's inſtructions, ſeemed diſguſted at the ſlighteſt taſks appointed to him, became melancholy, and pined in ſullen ſilence.

The ſolicitous guardians of his welfare were quickly alarmed at ſo unaccountable a change in his diſpoſition, and, after much ſoothing and intreaty, drew from him a declaration of his wiſhing to be ſent to a public ſchool, where emulation might aſſiſt to inſpirit his exertions. Dear as this parting muſt neceſſarily coſt his doating father and mother's heart, his inclination was no ſooner known than indulged; and ſinking with ſorrow themſelves, and bathing William with their tears, they directly placed their darling hope at Weſtminſter-ſchool.

Poor William ſoon became diſſatisfied at this kind of life; the noiſe, confinement, and diſcipline of his new courſe, were irkſome to him; ſo that, by the next enſuing vacation, he had intirely loſt all reliſh for claſſical ſtudies; and on his return home to Norwich, intreated to be received into his father's compting-houſe, and trained up to mercantile buſineſs, as the final election of his mind and inclinations

Both

Both his parents accepted this overture with joy The mother fondly concluded, that by this means ſhe would have him conſtantly in her ſight; and the father very prudently thought that it was a more certain way of improving his fortune, than the moſt aſſiduous application in any of the learned profeſſions might poſſibly be. Accordingly, he immediately appointed him one of his clerks, and allotted him a conſiderable portion of his buſineſs to tranſact.

As uſual, the too ready concurrence with his deſire ſoon diſguſted the capricious youth; he ſeldom ſat down to the deſk, opened the ledger, or troubled himſelf with any part of the occupation he had ſo lately and ſo ardently ſolicited before, but ſpent moſt of his time at a little farm-houſe near the town, where he privately fitted up a bed-chamber and library for himſelf, both which he furniſhed properly, and devoted himſelf to ſtudy, with as much earneſtneſs, as if his fame and fortune depended on a progreſs in ſome of the literary profeſſions.

Some time had paſſed in this clandeſtine commerce with the Muſes, when his father began to be alarmed at his frequent and continued abſences from home, and without giving any account of his purpoſe or purſuit; but more particularly as he diſcovered that the farmer who was his ſon's hoſt, had a very pretty daughter in the houſe, which Mr. Rawdon very naturally ſuſpected to have been the magnet of attraction;

and though he had hitherto made it a principle to himſelf, as before related, never to contradict or reſtrain his ſon's will or inclinations, he had, in former inſtances, ſufficient reaſon to ſee the ill conſequence of that maxim; and was therefore reſolved now to interpoſe in this caſe, where either his ſon was likely to enter into engagements below his rank and fortune, or an innocent young woman in danger of being betrayed to infamy and proſtitution.

He determined, therefore, to expoſtulate with his ſon immediately upon this ſubject; but it is difficult to begin a thing. Not being uſed to ſuch domeſtic diſcipline, whenever William came before him, he felt himſelf unequal to the taſk, either of condemning his behaviour or reſiſting his inclinations; and it was ſome time before he could muſter up reſolution enough to be able to open the conference.

The idea of parental authority was a notion as thoroughly foreign to William's conception, as ſnow to an Indian; ſo that when the old gentleman, after firſt remonſtrating, began to ſputter out his injunctions and indignation, for he was obliged to put himſelf in a paſſion in order to keep up his reſolution, the young man ſtood motionleſs and aghaſt, on ſuppoſing his father to have been ſuddenly ſeized with a fit of phrenzy. Nor was ſuch a conjecture at all unnatural, as he was equally innocent of the charge, as unuſed to either document or command. For it is as true as ſtrange, that

that the pretty Jenny Wilſon, though frequently ſeen, had never yet been taken any particular notice of by our young ſtudent, who was by no means of an amorous complexion.

What between ſurprize and perverſeneſs, he returned not the leaſt anſwer to his father's harangue; and from the peculiar bias of his mind, the reader will be able to account for his ſilence on that occaſion, leſt finding his real motive for retirement approved, the pleaſure he then took in his ſpontaneous ſtudies might be deſtroyed. But this very converſation firſt awakened his attention towards the pretty Jenny, and he returned to his dear aſylum with a degree of impatience and emotion which he had never before experienced for her, or any other of her ſex.

But, though he had been hitherto ſo inſenſible to her charms, his perſon and air, ſo ſuperior to thoſe of her own level, had not paſſed unmarked by the ſuſceptible Jenny, though ſhe never revealed her paſſion by word, look, or action. She was ſimple, but not ſilly; ignorant, but not vulgar; with manners gentle and unaffected. Theſe qualities William thought were good materials to work upon; and having, on a little converſation with her, conceived a ſtrong attachment to her, immediately ſet about informing and improving the mind of his fair pupil, in order to render her worthy of the reſpectable ſituation of life he meant ſoon to place her in.

He

He had quitted his father abruptly, after the laſt interview, and the old man's aſſumed rage now became real; in the firſt tranſports of which he made a ſolemn vow, that if his ſon did not forthwith return home and abandon Jenny, he ſhould never again be received under his roof, nor would he ever leave him a ſhilling that he could deprive him of; and the moſt conſiderable part of his fortune being of his own acquiſition, was, conſequently, in his own power.

His fond mother immediately communicated this intelligence to him, but unhappily without effect; for we have already ſeen that oppoſition was not the way to conquer his obſtinacy. Like an untamed colt, he was not to be reſtrained by the curb: but give him the reins, and he would run himſelf out of breath. This character in him they had diſcovered, indeed; but too late, alas! to reclaim him.

This unhappy breach in her family ſoon fell heavy on Mrs. Rawdon; ſhe could not exiſt without ſeeing her darling child, and in a ſhort time was ſunk into ſuch a ſtate of dejection and languor, as awakened her huſband's tenderneſs towards her; which he ſhewed by a full forgiveneſs of his ſon, whoſe baniſhment he revoked, ſending an embaſſy to him, deſiring his immediate return.

But the perverſe delinquent, I might add inhuman too, if a perſon governed by a froward nature might not be conſidered as an Automaton moved by internal

ſprings

ſprings which actuate it unwittingly, refuſed to take the benefit of this *Act of Grace*, unleſs they would conſent likewiſe to his marrying his dear Jenny, and publicly acknowledge and receive her home as their daughter-in-law. Agreed.

But, no ſooner was this fond deſire of his heart complied with, than his former ardour towards his favourite Jenny began to decline, and was ſoon extinguiſhed after he had introduced her into a polite circle in his mother's drawing-room that was aſſembled upon the occaſion. The charms of her perſon were leſſened by a compariſon; and her bluſhing modeſty, her timidity, with the conſtraint and want of graces in all her geſtures, too plainly betrayed indications of mean birth and uneducated ruſticity.

He lamented, indeed, his own inconſiſtency and inconſtancy both; but could not reſiſt the aſcendency of that malign planet, that powerful and fatal weakneſs, which influenced and impelled him not only to diſlike, but deteſt, his every purſuit, when placed within his reach. As uſual, he ſighed and wept for his plaything, then caſt it with contempt away.

The return of this worſe than prodigal ſon had reſtored both health and happineſs to his fond mother; and the moſt ſumptuous preparations were made for the intended nuptials; when, on the morning of the day appointed for the ſolemnization, the unaccountable bridegroom diſappeared

peared from Norwich, without leaving the leaſt hint behind him of his motive, or any trace for a purſuit. Grief and lamentation ſucceeded to feſtivity and joy; his unhappy parents were plunged into the deepeſt ſorrow; and the diſconſolate Jenny returned home again to her father's, to live in a cottage, but not upon love, mourning the loſs of a lover, and the diſappointment of a huſband.

The equally unhappy fugitive, for ſuch he really was, wanted neither ſenſe or virtue; he was both conſcious and aſhamed of the waywardneſs of his diſpoſition, yet continued ſtill enſlaved to it; nor were either his reaſon or morals ſufficiently ſtrong to conquer the unfortunate bias of wrong education. He felt for the ſufferings he inflicted on thoſe he loved; but not having reſolution enough to prevent them, he never attempted even to excuſe, much leſs to juſtify, his miſconduct.

With a diſturbed mind, and agitated frame, he had ſtrolled out of Norwich, about four o'clock that ſummer's morning, without having determined on any particular route, or planned any manner of ſcheme for his future life, except a fixed reſolve of never returning to marry the forſaken Jenny for whom, notwithſtanding, he ſtill retained a fond affection. When he had walked about a dozen miles, a ſtage-coach happened to be paſſing by, and, finding himſelf fatigued, he ſtept into it, without even inquiring whither it was going,

going, and purſued his journey till he was ſet down in London.

Among the paſſengers there happened to be recruiting officer, of the cavalry, who perceiving our young traveller had the appearance of a gentleman, entered into diſcourſe with him, at ſight. They talked on a variety of ſubjects; but the gallant ſon of Mars expatiated more particularly on the nobleneſs of his profeſſion, of the honour and delights of a ſoldier's life. The inexperienced adventurer became quickly captivated with the dazzling idea of glory and renown, which the gaſconading captain had ſo pompouſly diſplayed; his youthful imagination was kindled at the flame of heroiſm; and, by the time they had reached Whitechapel, he acquainted his new friend that he had conceived an ardour and ambition to ſerve a volunteer under his banner.

The Captain was highly delighted with ſuch a prize, as he hoped to be well paid for his diſcharge, ere long, when he might probably become weary of his profeſſion, or aſhamed of his ſtation; and immediately cloſed with the propoſition. On their arrival at the inn, he invited William to ſupper, and kept him with him that night, as he apprehended that our young ſoldier might poſſibly have ſome friend in London, who would diſcourage or oppoſe his preſent martial diſpoſition.

The next morning he offered to inliſt him, by the uſual method of giving money, but William rejected the

the proffer; as a gentleman Volunteer, or Cadet, and a common trooper, he imagined not to be ſubject to the ſame confinement, or ſtrictneſs of diſcipline; but he ſoon diſcovered the futility of that opinion, when he entered upon duty at Coventry, where the corps was then ſtationed.

This mortified him extremely, and he now began to lament his precipitate adoption; and, according to the general tenor of his character became thoroughly unhappy and diſguſted, both at the meanneſs and fatigue of his ſituation and ſervice. He would, as on former occaſions, have flung away his play-thing: but, alas! the indulgence of his uſual caprice remained now no longer in his power.

He ſometimes thought of communicating his diſtreſs to his parents, in order to procure a releaſe from his captivity, as he now deemed it; but then again, his pride revolted againſt the humiliating idea of confeſſing his folly, and his perverſeneſs oppoſed a conſequent ſubmiſſion to their will and governance. He therefore endeavoured to reconcile himſelf to the lot he had caſt, and the fate he had made for himſelf: the reſource of books was ſtill left him, and a circulating library became, for a time, the only ſolace of his woes.

During the captain's abode at Coventry, our young adventurer had received a random ſhot from Cupid; for, on the oppoſite ſide of the ſtreet to where he was billeted,

billeted, lived an opulent ribband-weaver, lately married to an handſome young woman, who happened to have a little more of romance, or rather of *novel*, in her compoſition, than ſuited well with her ſituation or other circumſtances of life. Reſpective glances had paſſed to and fro, which ſoon created a mutual deſire of being further acquainted with each other.

A tolerable figure in a red coat, though it were but in a common ſoldier, is more apt to captivate an uneducated female mind, than an handſomer perſon dreſſed in black, brown, or blue. Beſides, the regularity of William's conduct, and his continued application to books, gave our young wife an higher idea of his character, than ſuited with his preſent condition; and by the force of a warm imagination, ſhe concluded him to be ſome knight-errant chevalier, perhaps a prince in maſquerade.

Upon ſuch a prepoſſeſſion, ſhe frequently took occaſion of obſerving to her huſband, the ſobriety and decency of the young trooper's behaviour; adding, that ſhe thought it incumbent upon perſons *of a certain rank in life*, to encourage ſo much propriety and regularity of demeanour in the military. The honeſt man, who, like moſt other domeſtic huſbands, might poſſibly by this time have become a little weary of a conſtant *tête-à-tête*, and being reaſonably confident of his wife's integrity, inclined to her argument, and agreed to invite our cadet to their next Sunday's beef and pudding.

This certainly was the beſt meal our hungry ſoldier had ſat down to, ſince he had wandered away from his father's houſe; but his eyes became ſtill more voracious than his appetite; for, upon a nearer view of his fair neighbour, he diſcovered the ſtrongeſt likeneſs between her and his ſtill loved, but once adored Jenny. This peculiarity of reſemblance might, perhaps, at firſt, have attracted his gaze; but his admiration of her beauty was much farther enhanced by the improbability of his being able to gain her; conſidering her as the property of another, upon whom ſhe had voluntarily beſtowed her perſon and affections.

Mrs. Naſh, our preſent heroine, was weak, but not wicked; fond, but not free; and therefore, though ſhe frequently indulged herſelf in the pleaſure of ſeeing and converſing with her imaginary hero, ſhe never treſpaſſed, in the leaſt, againſt the ſtricteſt rules of decorum, by either countenancing or permitting any improper liberties to be taken with her perſon: the alienation of her heart was the ſole crime ſhe committed againſt her huſband; and as it does not appear that he ever miſſed it, ſhe comforted herſelf with thinking, like Othello, that "he was not robbed at all."

Matters ramained in this ſituation, till the route for the removal of the regiment from Coventry drew near. It juſt then happened that Mr. Naſh, his friendly hoſt, was taken ill of a ſlow fever, which prevented our platonic pair from meeting as frequently as uſual; which, though but a ſingle diſtreſs to William, was a double

double one to Mrs. Naſh, as being an addition to *her concern for her huſband.* However, the evening before the troops began their march, they contrived to meet, alas! to part—after having mutually exchanged profeſſions of fondneſs and everlaſting remembrance, with ſome whiſperings of a contingent connection for life, if *a certain melancholy event* ſhould come to paſs.

This appears to me the only place, throughout our ſtory, where that well known moral obſervation may be introduced with propriety, that "Fate ever aids the vows of Lovers, when the torch of Hymen is to light them to their wiſhes." It followed then, as a thing of courſe, that a few days after William's departure from Coventry, Mr. Naſh alſo took his departure from life; and, as he had no child, left the whole of his fortune, amounting to about ſix thouſand pounds, to his *mourning relict.*

It is not quite impoſſible, but that the generous idea of rendering her lover *a ſoldier of Fortune*, in the literal ſenſe, by preſenting him with her hand and purſe together, might have in ſome ſort helped to conſole her for the loſs of her *elder friend.* However, Mrs. Naſh, ever acting up to the niceſt regard to propriety, reſolved to wait the uſual ſolitary and tedious interval which the decorums of the world have eſtabliſhed in viduity, before ſhe would proceed to make the overture, by acquainting the lover with her preſent diſengaged ſituation; thinking, very juſtly, that to deſerve a man's eſteem, goes a great way towards the preſerving his love.

During this her interval of probation, apprehending that what between the loſs of her huſband, and the abſence of her lover, the time might hang heavily on her hands, ſhe bethought herſelf of inviting a pretty young woman, a couſin-german of hers, to her houſe, as a companion to relieve the irkſomeneſs of her ſolitude. It is ſaid, that "it is not good for man to live alone," and woman thinks it a double evil.

This perſon happened luckily to be juſt then in ſuch a ſympathetic diſpoſition of mind and circumſtances, as beſt ſuited the occaſion; being herſelf alſo in love, and ſeparated from the dear object of her affections; for I think this as good a time as any to acquaint the reader, that this very friend was no other than the forſaken Jenny Wilſon; and this may likewiſe account for the great likeneſs between them, before hinted at, as taken notice of by William.

Miſs Wilſon readily accepted of the invitation, and came accordingly, unknowing of Mrs. Naſh's engagement; who was, at the ſame time, equally ignorant alſo, of her conſin's prior attachment and præcontract with the ſame perſon. But it was not long before a mutual diſcovery of this ſecret was made, to the mutual unhappineſs of them both. For as the unburthening of an oppreſſed heart in the boſom of a friend, is one of the greateſt and moſt natural indulgencies and reliefs to a diſtreſſed mind, the afflicted Jenny ſoon made the widow a confidant in her unfortunate ſtory; concluded

concluding it with weeping over the ſuppoſed aſhes of her betrothed ſwain, whom ſhe had, by that time, from not having received any manner of account of him ſince his flight, already numbered with the dead.

Mrs. Naſh had patiently liſtened to the firſt parts of the narrative, with mute attention, with cordial looks of friendſhip and compaſſion; the deſcription of the face, perſon, and manners, of the hero of the tale, more particularly intereſted her, from a likeneſs in the portrait; and ſhe moſt highly commended her couſin's taſte and attachment, *in honour of her own.* But when the diſconſolate Jenny had ſighed out the name of *William Rawdon*, the aſtoniſhed relict uttered a loud ſcream, and ſunk back motionleſs in her chair.

The affectionate Jenny's ſurprize at this circumſtance, was ſuſpended for the preſent by her alarm about her friend, to whom ſhe aſſiduouſly applied every manner of aſſiſtance in her power; and who, as ſoon as ſhe had recovered the uſe of her ſpeech, left her no longer in doubt with regard to the cauſe of her emotion, by immediately launching out againſt the perfidy of man, the baſeneſs of William in particular, and the diſappointment of women who expect either truth, honour, or conſtancy, in the faithleſs ſex; while the tender Jenny's reſentment at her lover's defection, became

wholly abſorbed in the joy ſhe was ſenſible of, at hearing that he was ſtill alive; though dead, alas! to her.

She would have inſtantly ſent off an expreſs to acquaint his unhappy father and mother with the lucky diſcovery ſhe had made of their ſon's exiſtence, in order to have a releaſe procured for him from his preſent mean and irkſome ſituation; but the artful widow prevented the kindneſs of her intention; having firſt determined to ſee her ſpouſe elect once more, in the ſame rank of life he had been at parting, with a view of intereſting his gratitude, at leaſt, in her favour, by a diſplay of her own generoſity, in offering to make him maſter of her perſon and fortune, under the preſumption of his preſent apparent circumſtances.

The mild and meek-ſpirited Jenny was forced to acquieſce in this delay; ſhe had neither reſolution, nor even its baſtard brother, obſtinacy, in her nature; ſo that not having any meaſure of her own to purſue, ſhe ſubmitted herſelf implicitly to be governed in this matter by the advice and conduct of her more potent matron and rival.

The gentleneſs of her manners, with the unhappineſs of her mind, conduced greatly to ſoften the heart of her couſin into a ſort of ſympathy with hers, as ſoon as the firſt ſhock of this eclairciſſement had ſubſided; ſo that ſhe freely communicated to her the ſeveral ſchemes ſhe was every minute framing upon this occaſion, which, though many, were all unſatisfactory; till

till at length ſhe reſolved on one purpoſe, in which ſhe deſired the concurrence of her friend and fellow-ſufferer; which was, that they would both ſee him together, make their ſeparate claims and remonſtrances to him in preſence of each other, and then leave him perfectly free in his choice; mutually engaging, that on his determination, the rejected claimant ſhould acquieſce in his option, and not attempt to make uſe of any means whatſoever to impede the happineſs of her more fortunate rival.

Theſe conditions were gladly received, and readily agreed to, by the deſponding Jenny, as they ſeemed to be perfectly candid on the part of the propoſer; and afforded her alſo ſome ſmall gleam of hope, a poſſible chance at leaſt, of what ſhe had hitherto deſpaired of, ever ſince her dear faithleſs William's unaccountable elopement.

Nor indeed was this proceeding of his even now cleared up by the information ſhe had ſince received from the widow; as his acquaintance and engagement with her, had been ſubſequent to his ſo ſudden diſappearance. Had this been a matter of higher conſequence, of more public notoriety in the annals of a ſtate. Hiſtorians would be found, as is too much their manner, who would have pretended to offer a ſolution of the difficulty; in which, from an ignorance in human nature, they would have been as much miſtaken, as Tacitus and ſuch deep writers have been, before

them, in other inſtances of like nature, by moſt ingeniouſly deducing motives from reaſon, policy, or deſign, which were merely owing to conſtitution, character, or caprice,

"The mighty Czar what made to wed a Punk?
"The mighty Czar might anſwer, *he was drunk.*"

This reſolution being once digeſted and mutually aſſented to, theſe amicable, though ſtill anxious competitors for the prize of love embraced each other with the moſt perfect cordiality and reſtored affection: but ſtill poſtponing the completion of their ſcheme, till the period preſcribed *par l'etiquette du bienſeance* ſhould have *limped* away, when the impatient, but ſtill decent widow might be at liberty to throw aſide her ſable garb, and either aſſume the gay bridal garment, or wear the pale willow green, for life.

Here, in order to amuſe this dull interim, let the reader take a trip with me after William to his cantonment, and enquire how he has employed his leiſure there, in the abſence of a woman whom he not only loved with fondneſs, but alſo moſt highly eſteemed; to both of which regards, indeed, Mrs. Naſh's behaviour towards him had fully intitled her, as it was at once both kind and guarded. This need not be deemed the *ſureſt*, for in truth it is, and ought ever to be, the *only* method of rendering a paſſion permanent.

The Cornet of the troop he belonged to, was a young man of moſt engaging manners, for whom our William happened

happened to conceive ſo ſtrong an affection, that he manifeſted his attachment to him by every attention and aſſiduity in his power. His complacences were ſoon remarked by the Cornet, and a ſympathy of good-will led him, in turn, to diſtinguiſh his friend from the reſt of his corps. He had him frequently to dine with him in his own apartments, and always took him abroad upon his ſporting parties.

But this amicable intercourſe was of a ſhort date, as the reſtleſſneſs and inconſtancy of William's mind ſoon put an end to it. Being once in poſſeſſion of his wiſh, it required ſome new difficulties to continue his enjoyment. He of courſe became cold and careleſs; refuſed his patron's invitation to dinner, and declined attending him in his excurſions into the country round about their quarters.

Such an unaccountable behaviour at firſt ſurpriſed Cornet Adams, next diſguſted, and at length provoked him to ſome warmth of expoſtulation upon the ſubject; in which, happening to make a merit of his condeſcenſion to the meanneſs of William's ſtation, he felt himſelf ſo highly piqued at this reproach, that he immediately revealed hir real condition in life; and told him that if the ſtrictneſs of military law did not oppoſe his reſentment, he would that inſtant convince him, that he was not by nature unworthy of the rank he had ſo unhappily degraded himſelf from by his indiſcretion.

Cornet

Cornet Adams being hot, brave, and impatient, quickly waved the punctilio of diſcipline, and drew his ſword. William was as ready, on his part, and a conflict enſued: in which the latter had the *misfortune* as may hereafter appear, to reſerve his own life, and wound his antagoniſt ſo mortally, that he died in a few days; but behaved himſelf with ſo much honour as to acquit William of the duel, ſo as to ſcreen him from the penalties of a court-martial upon that account.

But to return:—As ſoon as the day appointed by the Ladies, for putting their plan of experiment into execution, arrived, the fair rivals ſet off from Coventry to Canterbury, where the troop that our hero rode in was then ſtationed. They travelled poſt; and by eking out the day with half the night, they reached their purpoſed ſtage on the ſecond noon, juſt as the cavalry was returning from a ſervice of danger in ſupport of the Revenue, againſt a gang of ſmugglers on the Kentiſh coaſt.

As ſoon as they alighted at the Inn, they diſpatched a meſſenger in queſt of William, with an anonymous billet, containing only theſe few words: "Two Ladies, juſt arrived in town, preſent their compliments to Mr. Rawdon, and deſire the pleaſure of his company to dinner, and ſpend the evening together." They concealed their names, for fear of apprizing him of the deſign of their coming upon him thus in couples; while

while our anomalous Cavalier, to whom the completion of his wiſhes ever became a diſappointment, whoſe poſſeſſion ceaſed to be enjoyment, and who was tired to death with ſpending two days ſucceeding each other in the ſame company and unvaried occupation, readily accepted the galant invitation, in hopes it might poſſibly turn out an adventure, or ſerve, at leaſt, to diverſify the dull ſcene of his preſent life.

He was in ſo great a hurry to obey the ſummons, that accoutred as he was, juſt as he had alighted from his horſe, with his carbine ſlung acroſs his ſhoulder, he immediately repaired to the Inn, But when he was ſhewn into the room where his fair hoſts were ſeated, his embarraſſment and ſurprize became equally viſible in his looks and actions; nor were the Ladies themſelves, though better prepared for the interview, under leſs difficulty or confuſion; ſo that it was ſome minutes before any one of the triumvirate could collect their ſpirits ſufficiently, either to advance to ſalute each other, or open the congreſs.

At length, the timerous Jenny, as had been before agreed upon between the couſins, that as firſt claimant ſhe ſhould firſt ſpeak, with a mild aſpect and fond regard, a faltering voice and trembling accent, thus addreſſed her ſpeech to the aſtounded Cavalier:

"After the pains you took to win my affections, and afterwards to obtain the conſent of your own family,

mily to our union, your ſudden diſappearance, and at the very criſis of your wiſhes too, I own both ſurprized, and rendered me unhappy. I feared ſome extraordinary and unaccountable accident had befallen you, and the pique and reſentment which ſuch a behaviour might naturally have inſpired, were thus ſuſpended by the alarm I had conceived with regard to your life and ſafety. Under theſe apprehenſions, my mind had laboured for ſome time; till my friend, here preſent, having become a widow, deſired the ſolace and relief of my ſociety at her houſe, during the preſcribed interval of her mourning; and as it is natural, in grief, to communicate one's affliction, I had, upon mentioning your name, the pleaſure to hear that you were ſtill alive; but the mortification and concern, at the ſame time, to learn that you had entered into an engagement with her, inconſiſtent with your own honour and my happineſs. I come not here, notwithſtanding, to upbraid your ſeeming infidelity, as I cannot yet diveſt myſelf ſo far of the good opinion I had once ſo fondly conceived of the man I loved, as not to ſuſpect that the ſlight you have ſo ſtrongly marked towards me, muſt have been owing rather to ſome fault or error in my conduct, than to any falſehood or baſeneſs in your own character. The intent, therefore, of this interview, is not to reclaim your affections, but, merely

merely to afford you an opportunity of vindicating yourſelf from the unkindneſs and contempt you have ſhewn me, by charging me with that unworthineſs in myſelf, which alone could juſtify ſo extraordinary, and otherwiſe unaccountable a proceeding. I pretend not to urge my argument any further on this ſubject, I demand nothing but what I have a right to exact; I take part with you againſt myſelf, and ſhall be rendered leſs unhappy in being able to acquit you, even though this ſhould turn out to my own condemnation."

Here ſhe reſted; and the diſtreſſed William looked on her with fondneſs and concern, but remained ſilent; while the other plaintiff, who both by her countenance and geſtures, notwithſtanding the amicable terms before entered into, betrayed the utmoſt impatience and anxiety while the lovely Jenny continued her tender and pathetic expoſtulation, fearing it might have revived William's former paſſion for her, and defeated her own ſuit, advanced towards him, and thus deliver-her harangue, in turn:

"I ſhall not, Sir, ſaid ſhe, deſire ſo long an audience of you as my friend here has done. A ſtory *of ſo old a date* as hers, may, perhaps, have required a detail from the beginning; but all I think neceſſary, on my part, is to commence mine from our laſt interview; and for the recollection of the engagement then enter-

ed into between us, the ſhorteſt memory may, I think, be ſufficient. I ſhall, therefore, only add, that I have manifeſted my attachment towards you in the moſt unequivocal manner poſſible, even under the condition of a prior obligation, and before I knew that you were intitled, either by birth or fortune, to the rank or conſideration of a Gentleman. I am now ſet at liberty of fulfilling my part of our mutual engagement, and am come hither to know whether you are willing to perform yours?"

She ceaſed; and the unhappy and diſtreſſed William, reſembling the figure of Hercules, ſtanding irreſolute between the two female advocates for pleaſure and virtue, regarding her with a countenance of perplexity and ſhame, ſighed often, turning his eyes ſometimes towards Jenny, then up to Heaven, and then on the widow again, till after a few minutes paſſed in mournful looks and mute reflections, he thus replied:

"My fate has been, indeed, moſt peculiarly unfortunate, as it has rendered me not only miſerable myſelf, but the cauſe alſo of unhappineſs to others. Both of your claims I acknowledge to be juſt, and yet I find it alike impoſſible to diſcharge my obligations to either; not from the equality of your rights, of your merits, or from the equipoiſe of my own affections for even though either of you ſhould, this moment, reſign

reſign your pretenſions, the difficulty would yet ſtill remain with me as ſtrong as now; for I muſt confeſs an inſuperable *præ-engagement*, long before I became acquainted with either of you. — I was, alas! wedded to my own caprice, by an unhappy bias of education; which renders me not only indifferent, but even averſe, to every wiſh I frame, to every object I deſire, from the moment I have it in my power to compaſs to enjoy them. Thoſe who have been treated too long like ſpoiled children, will become techy and froward to their life's end. Unreſtrained deſires create a ſatiety to the mind, as too great an indulgence of appetite gives a loathing to the ſtomach; ſo that to a perſon thus forlorn, rational pleaſures, as well as natural food, become at length too inſipid to yield either ſatisfaction or enjoyments. I have, for ſome time paſt, been diſguſted with my exiſtence, and this event has completed my averſion to it. I cannot endure life upon ſuch terms, to be thus an outcaſt of ſociety, and the cauſe of wretchedneſs to thoſe principally, whom duty or affection have ever connected with me. I forgive, however, my too kind, too cruel parents, begging of Heaven, alſo to forgive my own diſtraction."

So ſaying, he leaned his breaſt over his muſket, and touching the trigger with the toe of his boot, inſtantly diſcharged the piece, and fell a victim to his own diſcontent, and a ſacrifice to the vice and folly of a fatal and ill-judged indulgence. The aſtoniſhed rivals firſt ſcreamed aloud, and then ſunk down together on the bleeding corpſe; in which ſituation they remained till the people of the Inn. being ſummoned by the ſhot and cries, came running into the room, and ſeparated the living from the dead.

The Painter who drew a veil over Agamemnon's face, at the ſacrifice of his daughter, gave a proper hint to all who ſhould attempt to deſcribe ſome of the miſeries of the human mind, either with the pencil or the pen; as there are certain ſituations in misfortune, which are not to be conveyed by either. Among theſe, I think, may be ranked that in which we now leave poor Mrs. Naſh, and the ſtill more unhappy Jenny Wilſon. The latter did not long ſurvive this ſad diſaſter; the diſappointed widow too perſevered in her ſolitary ſtate of viduity, *till ſhe was aſked to change it;* and the unhappy parents of the unfortunate Suicide died ſoon of grief, lamenting their indiſcretion and miſtaken notions of Education.

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YORICK'S

## YORICK'S DEATH.

[STERNE.]

A Few hours before Yorick breathed his laſt, Eugenius ſlept in, with an intent to take his laſt ſight and laſt farewel of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and aſking how he felt himſelf, Yorick looking up in his face, took hold of his hand, — and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendſhip to him, for which, he ſaid, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the ſlip for ever. — I hope not, anſwered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tendereſt tone that ever man ſpoke, — I hope not, Yorick, ſaid he, — Yorick replied, with a look-up, and a gentle ſqueeze of Eugenius's hand, — and that was all, — but it cut Eugenius to his heart. — Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and ſummoning up the man within him, — my dear lad, be comforted, — let not all thy ſpirits and fortitude forſake thee at this criſis when thou moſt wanteſt them; — who knows what reſources are in ſtore, and what the power of God may yet do for thee? — Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently ſhook his head; for my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words, — I declare, I know

not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, chearing up his voice, that there is ſtill enough of thee left to make a biſhop, — and that I may live to ſee it. — I beſeech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand, — his right being ſtill graſped cloſe in that of Eugenius, — I beſeech thee to take a view of my head. — I ſee nothing that ails it replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, ſaid Yorick, let me tell you, that it is ſo bruiſed and mis-ſhapened with the blows which have been ſo unhandſomely given me in the dark, that I might ſay with Sancho Panca, that ſhould I recover, and "mitres thereupon be ſuffered to rain down from Heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it." — Yorick's laſt breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as he uttered this ;—yet ſtill it was uttered with ſomething of a Cervantic tone ; — and as he ſpoke it, Eugenius could perceive a ſtream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes ; — faint picture of thoſe flaſhes of his ſpirit, which (as Shakeſpeare ſaid of his anceſtor) were wont to ſet the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke ; he ſqueezed his hand, — and then walked ſoftly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door, — he then cloſed them — and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble ſlab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than theſe three words of inſcription, ſerving both for his epitaph, and elegy —

*Alas, poor YORICK!*

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghoſt the conſolation to hear his monumental inſcription read over with ſuch a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and eſteem for him; — a foot way croſſing the church-yard cloſe by his grave, — not a paſſenger goes by, without ſtopping to caſt a look upon it, — and ſighing as he walks on,

*Alas, poor YORICK!*

## ON THE GREAT HISTORICAL AGES.

[VOLTAIRE.]

EVERY age has produced heroes and politicians; all nations have experienced revolutions; and all hiſtories are nearly alike, to thoſe who ſeek only to furniſh their memories with facts; but whoſoever thinks, or, what is ſtill more rare, whoſoever has taſte, will find but four ages in the hiſtory of the world. Theſe four happy ages are thoſe in which the arts were carried to perfection; and which, by ſerving as the æra

of

of the greatneſs of the human mind, are examples for poſterity.

The firſt of theſe ages to which true glory is annexed, is that of Philip and Alexander, or that of a Pericles, a Demoſthenes, an Ariſtotle, a Plato, an Apelles, a Phidias, and a Praxiteles; and this honour has been confined within the limits of ancient Greece; the reſt of the known world was then in a ſtate of barbariſm.

The ſecond age is that of Cæſar and Auguſtus, diſtinguiſhed likewiſe by the names of Lucretius, Cicero, Titus, Livius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Varro, and Vitruvius.

The third is that which followed the taking of Conſtantinople by Mahomet II. Then a family of private citizens was ſeen to do that which the kings of Europe ought to have undertaken. The Medicis invited to Florence the Learned, who had been driven out of Greece by the Turks.—This was the age of Italy's glory. The polite arts had already recovered a new life in that country; the Italians honoured them with the title of Virtu, as the firſt Greeks had diſtinguiſhed them by the name of Wiſdom. Every thing tended towards perfection; a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, a Titian, a Taſſo, and an Arioſto, flouriſhed. The art of engraving was invented; elegant architecture appeared again, as admirable as in the moſt triumphant ages of Rome; and the Gothic barbariſm, which had disfigured

disfigured Europe in every kind of production, was driven from Italy, to make way for good taſte.

The arts, always tranſplanted from Greece to Italy, found themſelves in a favourable ſoil, where they inſtantly produced fruit. France, England, Germany, and Spain, aimed in their turns to gather theſe fruits; but either they could not live in thoſe climates, or elſe they degenerated very faſt.

Francis I. encouraged learned men, but ſuch as were merely learned men: he had architects; but he had no Michael Angelo, nor Palladio: he endeavoured in vain to eſtabliſh ſchools for painting; the Italian maſters whom he invited to France, raiſed no pupils there. Some epigrams, and a few looſe tales, made the whole of our poetry. Rabelais was the only proſe-writer in vogue in the time of Henry II.

In a word, the Italians alone were in poſſeſſion of every thing that was beautiful, excepting muſic, which was then but in a rude ſtate; and experimental philoſophy, which was every where equally unknown.

Laſtly, the fourth age is that known by the name of the age of Lewis XIV. and is perhaps that which approaches the neareſt to perfection of all the four: enriched by the diſcoveries of the three former ones, it has done greater things in certain kinds than thoſe three together. All the arts, indeed, were not carried farther than under the Medicis, Auguſtus, and Alexander; but human reaſon in general was more improved.

improved. In this age we firſt became acquainted with ſound philoſophy. It may truly be ſaid, that from the laſt years of Cardinal Richelieu's adminiſtration till thoſe which followed the death of Lewis XIV. there has happened ſuch a general revolution in our arts, our genius, our manners, and even in our government, as will ſerve as an immortal mark to the true glory of our country. This happy influence has not been confined to France; it has communicated itſelf to England, where it has ſtirred up an emulation which that ingenious and deeply-learned nation ſtood in need of at that time; it has introduced taſte into Germany, and the ſciences into Ruſſia; it has even re-animated Italy, which was languiſhing; and Europe is indebted for its politeneſs and ſpirit of ſociety to the court of Lewis XIV.

Before this time, the Italians called all the people on this ſide the Alps by the name of Barbarians. It muſt be owned that the French, in ſome degree, deſerved this reproachful epithet. Our forefathers joined the romantic gallantry of the Moors with the Gothic rudeneſs. They had hardly any of the agreeable arts amongſt them; which is a proof that the uſeful arts were likewiſe neglected; for, when once the things of uſe are carried to perfection, the tranſition is quickly made to the elegant and the agreeable; and it is not at all aſtoniſhing, that painting, ſculpture, poetry, eloquence,

eloquence, and philoſophy, ſhould be in a manner unknown to a nation, who, though poſſeſſed of harbours on the Weſtern ocean and the Mediterranean ſea, were without ſhips; and who, though fond of luxury to an exceſs, were hardly provided with the moſt common manufactures.

The Jews, the Genoeſe, the Venetians, the Portugueſe, the Flemiſh, the Dutch, and the Engliſh, in their turns carried on the trade of France, which was ignorant even of the firſt principles of commerce. Lewis XIII. at his acceſſion to the crown had not a ſingle ſhip; the city of Paris contained not quite four hundred thouſand men, and had not above four fine public edifices; other cities of the kingdom reſembled thoſe pitiful villages which we ſee on the other ſide of the Loire. The nobility, who were ſtationed in the country, in dungeons ſurrounded with deep ditches, oppreſſed the peaſant who cultivated the land. The high roads were almoſt impaſſable; the towns were deſtitute of police; and the government had hardly any credit among foreign nations.

We muſt acknowledge, that, ever ſince the decline of the Carlovingian family, France had languiſhed more or leſs in this infirm ſtate, merely for want of the benefit of a good adminiſtration.

For a ſtate to be powerful, the people muſt either enjoy a liberty founded on the laws, or the royal authority

thority muſt be fixed beyond all oppoſition. In France, the people were ſlaves till the reign of Philip Auguſtus; the noblemen were tyrants till Lewis XI. and the kings, always employed in maintaining their authority againſt their vaſſals, had neither leiſure to think about the happineſs of their ſubjects, nor the power of making them happy.

Lewis XI. did a great deal for the regal power, but nothing for the happineſs or glory of the nation. Francis I. gave birth to trade, navigation, and all the arts; but he was too unfortunate to make them take root in the nation during his time, ſo that they all periſhed with him. Henry the Great was on the point of raiſing France from the calamities and barbariſms in which ſhe had been plunged by thirty years of diſcord, when he was aſſaſſinated in his capital, in the midſt of a people whom he had begun to make happy. The Cardinal de Richelieu, buſied in humbling the houſe of Auſtria, the Calviniſts, and the Grandees, did not enjoy a power ſufficiently undiſturbed to reform the nation; but he had at leaſt the honour of beginning this happy work.

Thus, for the ſpace of 900 years, our genius had been almoſt always reſtrained under a Gothic government, in the midſt of diviſions and civil wars; deſtitute of any laws or fixed cuſtoms; changing every ſecond century a language which ſtill continued rude and

and unformed. The nobles were without diſcipline, and ſtrangers to every thing but war and idleneſs; the clergy lived in diſorder and ignorance; and the common people without induſtry, and ſtupified in their wretchedneſs.

The French had no ſhare either in the great diſcoveries, or admirable inventions of other nations; they have no title to the diſcoveries of printing, gunpowder, glaſſes, teleſcopes, the ſector, compaſs,, the air-pump- or the true ſyſtem of the univerſe: they were making tournaments, while the Portugueſe and Spaniards were diſcovering and conquering new countries from the eaſt to the weſt of the known world. Charles V. had already ſcattered the treaſures of Mexico over Europe, before the ſubjects of Francis I. had diſcovered the uncultivated country of Canada; but, by the little which the French did in the beginning of the ſixteenth century, we may ſee what they are capable of when properly conducted.

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## THE CHARACTER OF FRANCIS I.

### WITH SOME REFLECTIONS ON HIS *Rivalſhip with Charles V.*

FRANCIS died at Rambouiliet, on the laſt day of March, in the fifty-third year of his age, and the thirty-third year of his reign. During twenty-eight years of that time, an avowed rivalſhip, ſubſiſted between him and the emperor, which involved not only

their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe in wars, profecuted with more violent animofity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumftances contributed to both. Their animofity was founded in oppofition of intereft, heightened by perfonal emulation and exafperated not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal infults. At the fame time, whatever advantage one feemed to poffefs towards gaining the afcendant was wonderfully balanced by fome favourable circumftance, peculiar to the other. The emperor's dominions were of great extent, The French king's lay more compact: Francis governed his kingdom with abfolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he fupplied the want of authority by addrefs: the troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprizing; thofe of the latter better difciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they

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being deſtitute of the perſeverance neceſſary to ſurmount difficulties, he often abandoned his deſigns, or relaxed the vigour of purſuit, from impatience, and ſometimes from levity.

Charles

Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolneſs; but, having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obſtinacy, and neither danger nor diſcouragement could turn him aſide from the execution of it. The ſucceſs of their enterpriſes was as different as their characters, and was uniformly influenced by them. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often diſconcerted the emperor's beſt-laid ſchemes: Charles, by a more calm, but ſteady proſecution of his deſigns, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or repulſed his moſt vigorous efforts. The former, at the opening of a war or of a campaign, broke in upon his enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him; the latter, waiting until he ſaw the force of his rival begin to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had loſt, but made new acquiſitions Few of the French monarch's attempts towards conqueſt, whatever promiſing aſpect they might wear at firſt, were conducted to an happy iſſue: many of the emperor's enterpriſes, even after they appeared deſperate and impracticable, terminated in the moſt proſperous manner. Francis was dazzled with the ſplendour of an undertaking; Charles was allured by the proſpect of its turning to his advantage. The degree, however, of their comparative merit and reputation has not been fixed, either by a ſtrict ſcrutiny into their abilities for government, or by an impartial conſidera-

tion of the greatneſs and ſucceſs of their undertakings; and Francis is one of thoſe monarchs who occupies a higher rank in the temple of fame, than either his talents or performances entitle him to hold. This pre-eminence he owed to many different circumſtances. The ſuperiority which Charles acquired by the victory of Pavia, and which from that period he preſerved through the remainder of his reign, was ſo manifeſt, that Francis's ſtruggle againſt his exorbitant and growing dominion, was viewed by moſt of the other powers, not only with the partiality which naturally ariſes from thoſe who gallantly maintain an unequal conteſt, but with the favour due to one who was reſiſting a common enemy, and endeavouring to ſet bounds to a monarch equally formidable to them all. The characters of princes too, eſpecially among their contemporaries, depend not only upon their talents for government, but upon their qualities as men. Francis, notwithſtanding the many errors conſpicuous in his foreign policy and domeſtic adminiſtration, was nevertheleſs humane, beneficent, generous. He poſſeſſed dignity without pride; affability free from meanneſs, and courteſy exempt from deceit. All who had acceſs to him (and no man of merit was ever denied that privilege) reſpected and loved him. Captivated with his perſonal qualities, his ſubjects forgot his defects as a monarch, and admiring him as the moſt accompliſhed

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and amiable gentleman in his dominions, they never murmured at acts of mal-adminiſtration, which in a prince of leſs engaging diſpoſitions would have been deemed unpardonable. This admiration, however, muſt have been temporary only, and would have died away with the courtiers who beſtowed it; the illuſion ariſing from his private virtues muſt have ceaſed, and poſterity would have judged of his public conduct with u ual impartiality; bu t another circumſtance prevented this, and his name hath been tranſmitted to poſterity with increaſing reputation. Science and the arts had, at that time, made little progreſs in France. They were juſt beginning to advance beyond the limits of Italy, where they had revived, and which had hitherto been their only ſeat. Francis took them immediately under his protection, and vied with Leo himſelf in the zeal and munificence with which he encouraged them. He invited learned men to his court; he converſed with them familiarly, he employed them in buſineſs; he raiſed them to offices of dignity, and honoured them with his confidence. That race of men, not more prone to complain when denied the reſpect to which they fancy themſelves entitled, then apt to be pleaſed when treated with the diſtinction which they conſider as their due, though they could not exceed in gratitude to ſuch a benefactor, ſtrained their invention, and employed all their ingenuity in panegyric.

Succeeding authors, warmed with their deſcriptions of Francis's bounty, adopted their encomiums, and refined upon them. The appellation of Father of Letters, beſtowed upon Francis, hath rendered his memory ſacred among hiſtorians, and they ſeem to have regarded it as a ſort of impiety to uncover his infirmities, or to point out his defects. Thus Francis, notwithſtanding his inferior abilities, and want of ſucceſs, hath more than equalled the fame of Charles. The virtues which he poſſeſſed as a man have entitled him to greater admiration and praiſe, than have been beſtowed upon the extenſive genius and fortunate arts of a more capable, but leſs amiable rival.

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## THE STORY OF OBIDAH;

OR, THE

## JOURNEY OF A DAY,

*A Picture of Human Life.*

[JOHNSON.]

OBIDAH, the ſon of Abenſina, left the caravanſera early in the morning, and purſued his journey through the plains of Indoſtan. He was freſh and vigorous with reſt; he was animated with hope; he was incited by deſire; he walked ſwiftly forward over the vallies, and ſaw the hills gradually riſing before him. As he paſſed along, his ears were delighted with

with the morning ſong of the bird of paradiſe, he was fanned by the laſt flutters of the ſinking breeze, and ſprinkled with dew by groves of ſpices; he ſometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and ſometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primroſe, eldeſt daughter of the ſpring: all his ſenſes were gratified, and all care was baniſhed from the heart.

Thus he went on till the ſun approached his meridian, and the increaſing heat preyed upon his ſtrength; he then looked round about him for ſome more commodious path. He ſaw, on his right hand, a grove that ſeemed to wave its ſhades as a ſign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolneſs and verdure irreſiſtibly pleaſant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the ſame direction with the main road, and was pleaſed that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleaſure with buſineſs, and to gain the rewards of diligence, without ſuffering its fatigues. He, therefore, ſtill continued to walk for a time, without the leaſt remiſſion of his ardour, except that he was ſometimes tempted to ſtop by the muſic of the birds, whom the heat had aſſembled in the ſhade, and ſometimes amuſed himſelf with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either ſide, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At laſt the

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green path began to decline from its firſt tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets. cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah pauſed for a time, and began to conſider whether it were longer ſafe to forſake the known and common track; but remembring that the heat was now in its greateſt violence, and that the plain was duſty and uneven, he reſolved to purſue the new path, which he ſuppoſed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the verieties of the ground, and to end at laſt in the common road.

Having thus calmed his ſolicitude, he renewed his pace, though he ſuſpected that he was not gaining ground. This uneaſineſs of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every ſenſation that might ſooth or divert him. He liſtened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a freſh proſpect, he turned aſide to every caſcade, and pleaſed himſelf with tracing the courſe of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In theſe amuſements the hours paſſed away unaccounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He ſtood penſive and confuſed, afraid to go forward leſt he ſhould go wrong yet conſcious that the time of loitering was now paſt. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the ſky

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was overſpread with clouds, the day vaniſhed from before him, and a ſudden tempeſt gathered round his head. He was now rouſed by his danger, to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now ſaw how happineſs is loſt, when eaſe is conſulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to ſeek ſhelter in the grove, and deſpiſed the petty curioſity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now reſolved to do what remained yet in his power; to tread back the ground which he paſſed, and try to find ſome iſſue where the wood might open into the plain. He proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He roſe with confidence and tranquility, and preſſed on with his ſabre in his hand, for the beaſts of the deſart were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkneſs and ſolitude ſurrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Work'd into ſudden rage by wintry ſhow'rs,
Down the ſteep hill the roaring torrent pours:
The mountain ſhepherd hears the diſtant noiſe.

Thus forlorn and diſtreſſed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether

whether he was every moment drawing nearer to ſafety or to deſtruction. At length, not fear, but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew ſhort, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in reſignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door and obtained admiſſion. The old man ſet before him ſuch proviſions as he had collected for himſelf, on which Obidah fed with eagerneſs and gratitude.

When the repaſt was over, "Tell me," ſaid the hermit, "by what chance thou haſt been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderneſs, in which I never ſaw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," ſaid the hermit, "let the errors and follies the dangers and eſcape of this day, ſink deep into thy heart. Remember, my ſon, that human life is the journey of a day. We riſe in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we ſet forward with ſpirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the ſtrait road of piety towards the manſions of reſt. In a ſhort time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find ſome mitigation of our duty, and ſome more eaſy means of obtaining the ſame end. We then relax our vigour, and reſolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a diſtance, but rely upon our own conſtancy, and venture to approach

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what we reſolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of eaſe, and repoſe in the ſhades of ſecurity. Here the heart ſoftens, and vigilance ſubſides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at leaſt, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleaſure. We approach them with ſcruple and heſitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to paſs through them without loſing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our ſight, and to which we propoſe to return. But temptation ſucceeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time loſe the happineſs of innocence, and ſolace our diſquiet with ſenſual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational deſire. We entangle ourſelves in buſineſs, immerge ourſelves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconſtancy, till the darkneſs of old age begins to invade us, and diſeaſe and anxiety obſtruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with ſorrow, with repentance; and wiſh, but too often wiſh, that we had not forſaken the ways virtue. Happy are they, my ſon, who ſhall learn from thy example not to deſpair, but ſhall remember, that though the day is paſt, and their ſtrength is waſted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeleſs, nor ſincere endeavours ever unaſſiſted that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors and that he who implores ſtrength and courage

rage from above, ſhall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my ſon, to thy repoſe; commit thyſelf to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.

## MERCY RECOMMENDED.

[STERNE.]

MY uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries:—not from want of courage, — where juſt occaſions preſented, or called it forth, — I know no man under whoſe arm I would ſooner have taken ſhelter; — nor did this ariſe from any inſenſibility or obtuſeneſs of his intellectual parts; — he was of a peaceful, placid nature, — no jarring element in it, — all was mixed up ſo kindly within him: my uncle Toby had ſcarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly: — Go, — ſays he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his noſe, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time, — and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at laſt, as it flew by him; — I'll not hurt thee, ſays my uncle Toby, riſing from his chair, and going acroſs the room, with the fly in his hand. — I'll not hurt a hair of thy head; — Go, ſays he, lifting up the ſaſh, and opening his hand as he ſpoke, to let it eſcape; — go, poor devil, — get thee gone, why ſhould I hurt thee? — This world, ſurely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

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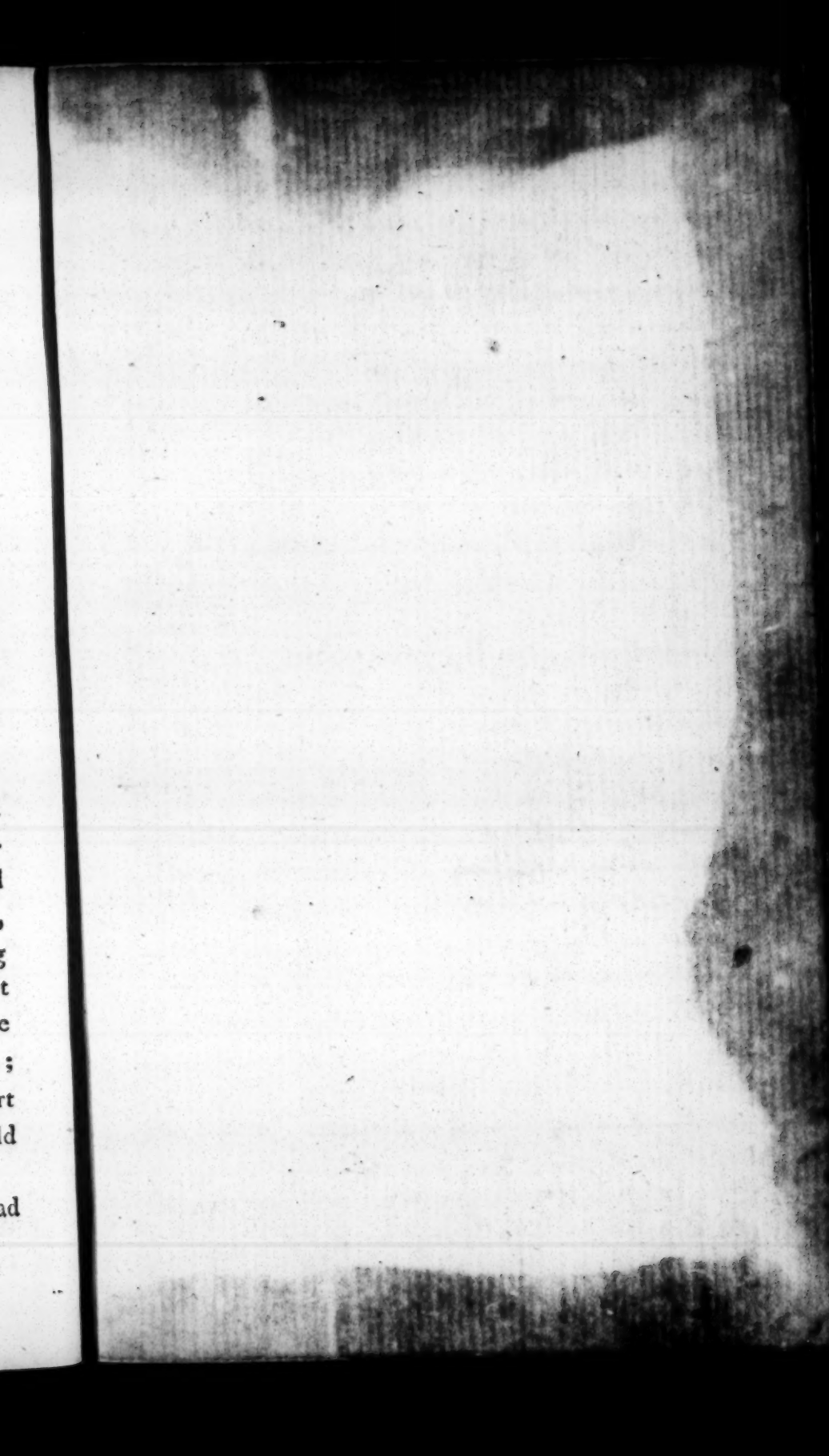
*** This is to ſerve for parents and governors inſtead of a whole volume upon the ſubject.

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